HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. II.—No. 82.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858. [Price Five Cents.

CONTENTS.

I. Dr. John W. Francis, with a Portrait.
II. Jenny's Cradle.
III. Editorials.
IV. The Lounger.
V. The City and Country Horse, with two fine Illustrations.
VI. Travel Notes in Bible Lands, with two Illustrations.
VII. Literary.
VIII. Domestic Intelligence.
IX. Foreign News.
X. Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, and the Vineyards of Ohio, with Portrait and four fine Illustrations.
XI. My First and Last Novel.
XII. Bulwer's "What will he do with it?"—*Continued.*
XIII. The United States Sloop-of-war "Macedonian," with an Illustration.
XIV. The Tomb of the Emperor Napoleon, with an Illustration.
XV. Maggie Gray.
XVI. Miscellany.
XVII. Things Wise and Otherwise.
XVIII. Market and Financial Reports.
XIX. Comicalities.

DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS.

The portrait which we present to our readers this week is that of Dr. John W. Francis, than whom no resident of the city of New York is, or deserves to be, better known. Dr. Francis has become in some sort an institution—a Knickerbocker institution.

His parents were Germans. His father, Melchior Francis, emigrated from Germany to the United States about the time of the Revolution. The son was born on the 17th November, 1789. As he has said himself, "with the arrival of the news of the French Revolution" he "made his first appearance on this planet." He remembers the arrival of Citizen Genet in the city, and believes that he sang "la Carmagnole" before he could command a decent vocabulary of his own tongue. He grew up in the midst of that Franco-American fervor which was the leading feature of American society in the early period of the Republic. Genet, on whom he had gazed with rapture as a child, he subsequently knew intimately as a man; so intimately that to him the French enthusiast confided his vain hope of justification by future ages, and his private passion for the piano.

At an early age young Francis entered upon the usual course of studies at Columbia College, New York. He must have displayed very unusual ability and promise; for shortly after his release from college he was admitted into a partnership with the well-known David Hosack, who was at that time the chief of the medical profession in this city. Partly from this connection, and partly from his own associations, he obtained the entry of the most distinguished society in New York. He stood by the death-bed of Paine, and mourned over the weakness which disgraced the last hours of that eminent man. He had access to the household of Burr and Hamilton, and knew more about their mutual relations and their fatal rencontre than most of the historians who have undertaken to write about them. With the great clergymen of that day he was very intimate. A sincere Christian, Dr. Francis has never been a sectarian: he has made it his business to hear and to know the leaders of religion as well as the leaders of politics, without regard to sect or party. He is as proud of the part he took in throwing open the medical lecture-room to the pioneer of Unitarianism, Dr. Ellery Channing, as he is of his labors on behalf of the Erie Railway. Clergymen, politicians, doctors of medicine, lawyers, and actors—all were welcome acquaintances to Dr. Francis, if they evinced superiority to the rank and file of mankind. He was as great a favorite with the famous clergyman Mason as with the actor Cooke; he went to hear Lorenzo Dow in a back-yard with as much pleasure as he attended the performances of Charles Mathews; he sat at the feet of Dr. Mitchell with as much humility as he displayed when he listened to Kean reading the burial-service in the Anglican Liturgy.

He was, has been, and is, in fact, the type of a popular man. There is this in the medical profession above all others: if a doctor wants to make friends, he can do so more easily than a member of any other profession. Sick men open their hearts to their medical adviser. A pain here, there, or elsewhere, expands the mental pores, and quenches for the time the desire to assume unnatural airs. Men who will conceal the truth from banker, lawyer, and parson, will, under the agonizing influence of intestinal contractions or cerebral agitation, think aloud to their medical adviser, if he have the least human sympathy in his composition.

Dr. Francis was the man above all others to avail himself of this professional opportunity. Endowed with a genial many-sided nature, he had sympathy to bestow on the distressed, whatever was their walk in life, and whatever their aim. He knew enough to talk intelligently on science, literature, the fine arts, law, theology, the stage, medicine, and scandal; and his conversation was so engaging—he possessed so thoroughly that self-denying art which is the key to the confidence of one's conversational acquaintance—that every one who knew him regarded him as a personal friend.

For nearly fifty years Dr. John W. Francis has been practicing as a physician in the city of New York. His youthful association with Dr. Hosack introduced him at his first start in life into the very best society, and the acquaintance of the most distinguished men of the time. He has preserved the position which chance allotted to him. For nearly half a century it may be said that no man who was worth knowing has been unknown to Dr. Francis. At a time when most of those who read these lines were unborn, Dr. Francis was so well known, and so universally esteemed, that the first wish of strangers was to make his acquaintance. For a quarter of a century eminent men in every walk of life—foreigners as well as natives—have esteemed it a privilege to enjoy a brief conversation with him.

And now, when honors and years have been laden on his shoulders, Dr. Francis obtains and deserves the same homage. He touches upon his seventieth year; but New York contains no young man more sprightly in conversation, quicker in the use of the perceptives, more apt to take, and more prompt to return a jest. In information and anecdote he is unrivaled among us. One needs but to glance at the work which he has just published on the early history of New York to see what a mass of reminiscences he has at command. Of all the eventful scenes through which he has passed, and of all the great men whom he has known, he has forgotten nothing; he can transport us, if he chooses, to the times which are fast passing into oblivion, and make us forget the age of steamboats and railroads by telling us of his attendance upon the long, lank, fire-eyed Fulton, or by recounting the arguments which induced the Common Council of New York, nearly half a century ago, to build the north wall of the City Hall of red stone, because "nobody would be likely to live on that side of the building."

It is pleasant to know that Dr. Francis has been rewarded for his professional labors. Like Lord Jeffrey, he has prosecuted literature and archæology with marked success, but he never suffered either to interfere with his professional pursuits. Though he has been conspicuous in the establishment of almost every literary and scientific institution of which New York can boast, he never neglected a patient for the sake of his beloved recreations; and though, when he is dead, he shall be honored as one of the earliest, most discriminating, and most faithful patrons of art, letters, and history in the country, he will be as gratefully remembered by his own profession for his treatises on obstetrics, croup, and deaths by lightning.

Kind and gentle—the type of the Christian philosopher, as Kane was the type of the Christian knight—Dr. Francis stands alone, almost the sole survivor of the choice band of great men who fashioned and shaped the American mind before the present working generation was born. One realizes Benjamin Franklin in hearing him converse. He would say himself that he represents that very notorious individual—the oldest inhabitant.

Latterly, Dr. Francis has been indispensable to every public ceremony in this city. One naturally looks for his bushy head and good-humored face on the platform on every occasion of municipal festivity, and at every literary or scientific celebration. To do him justice, he is seldom looked for in vain on these occasions. He is as patient a listener as he is a willing and amusing speaker; his applause is generally the first which strikes the ear of a young orator, his compliment the most gratifying that he receives. We can say of Dr. Francis, what perhaps can not be said of any other prominent man in the country, that, though he talks much, well, and wittily, no unkind speech has ever been quoted against him. May he long live to remind us of the great men of other days, and to set a noble example of liberal scholarship, nobility of soul, and simplicity of heart to the young men of our own!

DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS.—[Photographed by Brady.]

JENNY'S CRADLE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

Ay, here is your cradle! Why surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show
You were an exceedingly small pic-a-ninny
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flow'd in a much-troubled channel;
I see you as then in your impotent strife—
A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,
Perplex'd with that newly-found fardel called life.

To hint at an infantine frailty's a scandal;
All by-gones are by-gones—and somebody knows
It was bliss such a baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet—so rosy your toes.

Ay, here is your cradle! and Hope, a bright spirit,
With Love now is watching beside it, I know;
They guard o'er the nest you yourself did inherit
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future, Love welcomes it smiling;
Thus wags this old world, therefore stay not to ask,
"My future bids fair, is my future beguiling?"
If mask'd, still it pleases, then raise not its mask.

Is life a poor coil some would gladly be doffing?
He is riding post-haste who their wrongs will adjust;
For at most 'tis a footstep from cradle to coffin—
From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.

Then smile as your future is smiling, my Jenny!
I see you, except for that infantine woe,
Scarce changed since you were but a small pic-a-ninny:
Your cheek is still velvet—pray what is your toe?

Ay, here is your cradle! much, much to my liking,
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;
But, hark! as I'm talking there's six o'clock striking,
It is time JENNY'S BABY should be in its bed!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

THE FRAZER'S RIVER GOLD-FIELDS.

THE latest advices from California confirm the accounts previously received of the richness of the gold-fields in the Hudson's Bay territory, on the Gulf of Georgia, of which we gave in our last number an illustrated description. It seems that, after a certain amount of labor, miners in that region can count upon realizing some $40 @ $50 a day by gold-digging; and this with very imperfect apparatus and machinery. Men who have not delved in the beds of streams, but who have merely dug in the soft earth by their borders, have made $10 @ $12 a day without difficulty. With the improved machinery which has been contrived in California this yield would, undoubtedly, be largely increased. Under the circumstances, one can understand the *furor* which has seized upon the mining population of California, and which, we are told, is inducing every fourth male in that State to emigrate to the new gold-fields.

New Caledonia, the district in which the new gold discoveries have been made, is a tract of country but little known to geographers. It forms the western portion of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, and lies between the Gulf of Georgia and the Cascade Mountains. The Frazer River, its principal stream, rises in the Rocky Mountains, near the sources of the Canoe River, a branch of the Columbia, between latitude 55° and 56° N., and runs in a southerly and westerly direction toward the Gulf of Georgia, receiving on the way the waters of the Stuart's, Chilcotin, Pinklitsa, Thompson's, and Quesnel's rivers — tributaries which drain some of the many lakes with which the interior country abounds. In latitude 49° the Frazer River breaks through the Cascade hills, and here are formed a succession of rapids, which impede navigation. From these rapids to the river's mouth is a distance of seventy miles. The entire length of the river is four hundred miles. The country adjoining the lower section of the river is hilly, the shores being, however, low and marshy. The soil of this part is thin and poor; making tolerable pasture land, but not fitted for profitable tillage. Beyond the Cascades the entire region is very much broken up, and full of marshes, small lakes, and insignificant streams. Ross states that the attempts of traders to raise vegetables and fruits on the shores of the Frazer River invariably failed. Numerous berries are found growing wild; and on these, and salmon, which abound in the river at certain seasons, the Indians chiefly subsist. The country is known to contain coal in considerable quantities, and of good quality, cropping out of the hills, and easily attainable; cobalt, iron, marcasites of a gold color, and a fine black marble.

The fauna of this region are very limited. The rein-deer, red-deer, and jumping-deer; a marmot, beaver, bears, lynxes, foxes, and rabbits comprise the whole. The Indian dogs are of the Esquimaux species.

The Indians are divided into various small tribes; are of middle size, with good features; but are hopelessly lazy and dirty, great thieves and liars, and treacherous and inhuman to the last degree. They persecute and torture widows and widowers, making them slaves for a term of three or four years; and have a singular custom, verging on cannibalism. Their medicine-men spend several weeks in each year in a secluded wood, fasting, and on their return to the camps are permitted to satisfy their frantic hunger by tearing pieces of flesh from the bodies of living members of their tribes. Ross saw many unfortunates who had been maimed for life by this horrible practice.

Ross and Dunn state that April and May are two delightful months; in June, there are incessant rains; in July and August, intolerable heats; in September, fogs so dense that nothing can be done out-doors before ten o'clock, and the inhabitants suffer much, in consequence, from colds and rheumatism; in October, the heavy frosts begin; and by November the lakes and streams are frozen over for the season—that is, until next April. The mercury, however, rarely falls lower than 15° below zero of Fahrenheit; and the cold is stated to be much more endurable than would be supposed. The snow is seldom over twenty-four inches deep on the ground. The season for salmon-fishing extends from the middle of July to October. Other edible animals and wild fowl are very scarce; and for that reason this season is a grand holiday for the Indians.

Such is the country into which the ardent gold-seekers of California are rushing by thousands. It is clear that the precious dust must exist in considerable quantities, and of easy access, before the miners can be satisfactorily repaid for their labors in so inhospitable a clime.

As for means of access to the new gold-fields, those who start from San Francisco will probably make the tedious voyage through the straits of Fuca. Those going by way of Oregon have a shorter cut. They can proceed in boats up the Cowlitz, which empties into the Columbia at Monticello. From the head of the Cowlitz to Fort Nisqually, at the bottom of Puget's Sound, there is a very tolerable portage road of seventy miles, which has been already some years in use. This course cuts off a great distance, and will save much time to anxious miners.

The Hudson's Bay Company perseveres in its assertion of its exclusive right to trading in that region. It suffers and encourages emigration; but it reserves to itself the right of supplying the miners with all the necessaries of life. According to the terms of its charter—which, it need hardly be said, contemplated nothing beyond a trade with the Indians for furs—all trade and commerce within the territory of the Company must be carried on by the Company, and by none others. The officials at Vancouver's Island are making the most of this privilege. If they have time enough, they will turn the trade in gold, and the means of getting it, into as close a monopoly as the trade in peltries. Unfortunately for them, the British Government is also awake to the importance of the new discoveries. While a British ship of war has gone to Vancouver's Island to strengthen the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company's Governor, the British Government are now decided not to renew the Company's charter, but to resume possession of the gold country.

CLOSE OF THE UTAH WAR.

WE have news from Salt Lake City confirming the rumors of the desertion of the Mormons. By this time it is in possession of the United States army under General Johnston, and the flock of Brigham Young are scattered throughout the settlements of the South, from Provo downward. There is no fighting to be done; all the military preparations of the Latter Day Saints are thrown away. Our army must resign itself to a postponement of the glory that might have resulted from a successful onslaught on the Mormons; General Johnston must be content with his Brevet Brigadier-Generalship.

Two facts remain. The first, the cost of the expedition; the second, the ultimate disposal of the Mormons.

Let us thank Providence that the Mormons have been more cheaply disposed of than the Seminoles. Forty millions the latter cost the people of the United States, making no allowance for the valuable lives lost in the everglades and swamps of Florida. Less than half that sum, say seventy-five cents per head for the entire white population of the country, or something like four dollars for each adult white male, will probably free us from the Mormons. The country is so prosperous, and we are all so ready to part with our money, that the tax may not be severely felt. As, however, it will have to be paid, and as people generally would rather not throw away even four dollars if they could help it, it will be well for the Government to consider the expediency of preventing the recurrence of such accidents as this Mormon rebellion. Every body understands that the Mormon resistance to the United States authorities was simply an incident of, and a pretext for, the quarrel. The real issue between the United States and the Mormon people turned on the institutions of the latter. Had they been Christians, there would have been no trouble; had we recognized Mormonism and polygamy as lawful institutions, we should have sent no army across the plains. Disguise it as we may, the fact is undoubted that the United States made war upon the Mormons because their domestic institutions were deemed inconsistent with the organization of the confederacy, and the wholesome growth of self-governing communities on United States territory. The lesson is clear; it is for the General Government, and for the leading politicians of the country, to profit by it.

What is to be the destination of the Mormons? They have gone south, we are told. How far south? If they are still in United States territory, the work is but half done. Their abandonment of Salt Lake City proves that they do not intend to relinquish their principles. They have not recanted Mormonism, one of the essential doctrines of which is a system of theocratic governance utterly at variance with the rules of the United States respecting Territorial Governments. So long as they remain on the soil of the United States, and remain firm in their faith, the question at issue will remain unsettled. Even if they cross the frontier and settle in the northern regions of Mexico, the quarrel will be revived at an early day. Arizona and Sonora are destined to as sudden and as thorough a development as California received. There is reason to believe that the auriferous and argentiferous range which lies on the frontier of the United States and Mexico, toward the Pacific, far surpasses any thing yet discovered either in California or Australia. Some day its treasures will suddenly come to light, and there will be a rush of population thither. That all the territory worth having—in Mexico—will be speedily annexed, is too clear to need demonstration. What if the Mormons happen to be settled there?

The real question between the Mormons and ourselves is, Whether a theocratic government and polygamy can be domiciled on United States territory? Till that question is settled, all compromises will prove illusory. It is cheapest policy for our people to take the bull by the horns at once, and settle the question one way or the other.

A NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

WITHIN the past week the public of this city have been amazed by the disclosures which have followed the arrest of one Dawson, the keeper of one of the vilest resorts of the vilest characters in the city. We can not enter into all the details which have been published in the daily papers respecting this Dawson, his abode, and his practices. Suffice it to say that it was established on the preliminary inquiry before the Mayor that this fellow's den realized the most terrible stories of ogres which we have all read in our youth; that the unhappy girls who served to attract customers to his bar were close prisoners, were never suffered to go out of his house, and, when they expressed a wish for fresh air, were brutally beaten and kicked by Dawson.

When this monster was arrested, it is said that he made light of the affair. He had, he confessed, several dance-houses in various parts of the city, all of which were conducted on his peculiar principles. He had money in the bank, and real estate in good localities. He knew what it was to be arrested—having suffered that fate on twenty odd occasions, and he was not in the least disconcerted. He regarded the accident as one of the necessary inconveniences of his lucrative calling. So, having engaged counsel (ex-Judge Phillips), he prepared himself with due philosophy to abide the result; promising himself to resume his avocation with renewed vigor when he should have got over his present little scrape.

No comment is necessary; but it is well that some memorandum of such "institutions" should be placed on record.

HOW MUCH IT COSTS TO FLOG A WOMAN.

THE captain of a steamboat plying on the Mississippi was lately arrested at the suit of a woman, who charged him with whipping her with a whip. It appeared on the trial, that the woman had been the mistress of the captain; that he had seduced her when he was a married man; that his wife having died, he married again, in spite of the remonstrances of his mistress, and in the teeth of her threats, openly expressed to the lady who became his second wife, that she would leave her no peace; that this mistress, having borne him a child, was in the habit of calling on him for money for its support; finally, that, having called on him, as usual, with her infant in her arms, he went out, called for a whip, was brought a carriage whip, and with this flogged the woman and child away from his door, leaving the marks of the weapon on their bodies. For this the magistrate at Cincinnati, where the scene occurred, sentenced the captain to pay a fine of EIGHT DOLLARS!

We thus learn the market value of brutality at Cincinnati. In the dark ages which preceded the Reformation the priests were in the habit of selling absolution for sins past and future, and had tariffs in their churches on which the price of each sin was regularly quoted. For so much one could insult a young girl; for so much rob a house; for so much kill a troublesome neighbor. We have none of these price-currents at hand; but we will venture to say, that the cheapest among them charged more for brutality and ruffianism than seems to be the market cost of these luxuries in the West.

The most curious feature in this decision is its inconsistency with the spirit of our legislation and the administration of criminal justice in the United States. The laws in this country for the protection of the female are, in general, more stringent than those of any other country in the world. In most States seduction and adultery are criminal offenses, exposing the offender to indictment by a Grand Jury. This is not the case in most European countries. We have felt, here, that the destroyer of female virtue was a public enemy. But public sentiment has not been satisfied with the severity of the written code, and the jury system has largely increased the safeguards which surround the domestic circle. Experience has proved that the injured husband or father may, on discovery of his wrong, wreak his vengeance on the wrong-doer in his own way—to any extent. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there is not a jury that will find a bill against a man who avenges the wrong of his wife, sister, or daughter, by taking the life of the seducer. Recent cases in New York, Pennsylvania, and Louisiana, place the matter beyond dispute; the seducer's life is at the mercy of the nearest male relative of the woman he has wronged. Such being the state of public feeling, the decision at Cincinnati seems actually astonishing.

It was urged on behalf of the Mississippi captain that his cast-off mistress had wearied him with her importunities. She had a right to do so. She had ruined herself for him; the annoyance of her repeated visits was small in comparison with what she suffered—ignominy, disgrace, blighted prospects, a life of inevitable obscurity, toil, and sorrow. If she had called every day on the captain, and daily exposed him to the reproaches of his wife and the jeers of his friends, his suffering would have been infinitesimally small in comparison with hers. And why should he seek to throw the entire burden of their mutual crime on her?

It is to be hoped that this unfortunate woman may secure the aid of some lawyer who shall obtain from a higher court a reversal of the iniquitous decision to which we have referred. It is of special moment that the pains and penalties of loose indulgence of the passions should be clear and inevitable. The whole country is interested in their certainty and severity. The freedom which our young men enjoy is shared by their sisters; if seduction is to go unpunished, there is no safety for any circle of society. We must either adopt the French plan of locking up unmarried girls, or pursue our own method, of letting men pursue their own inclinations at their own cost. So far as appears, the temper of the public at the present time is in favor of the latter alternative; even the most conservative and law-abiding men justify the homicide of the seducer or adulterer; and, by parity of reason, vindicate the persecution of either by the unhappy woman who has been their victim.

CANCEMI'S CASE.

CANCEMI, the murderer of policeman Anderson, who has twice been found guilty and twice been sentenced to death, will probably be saved once more by the Court of Appeals. On his trial, as every body will recollect, a juror was withdrawn, and the case proceeded, and a verdict was found by eleven jurors. The law requires that a man who is sentenced to capital punishment shall have been found guilty by the unanimous verdict of twelve jurors. If Cancemi, therefore, should be executed under his present sentence, it would be murder.

He must, therefore, be tried again—at what risk to justice, and what expense to the State, can easily be imagined. Under the circumstances, does it not devolve on the Courts to take some measures with regard to the counsel whose intercourse with the discharged juryman, and whose silence on the subject thereof when the jury was impanneled, were the direct cause of this last failure of justice?

THE New York *Times* the other day accused us, rather discourteously, of "forging a pretended quotation" from the *Times*. In reply, we gave the date of the paper from which our quotation was taken, and republished the passage somewhat more at length. We ventured to improve the occasion by recommending the gentlemen who are conducting the *Times* in Mr. Raymond's absence to read their own paper.

The *Times* is, however, unrepentant. It says that our quotation is

> "an extract from the letter of an 'Occasional Correspondent,' writing from Washington, who, among other oddities, expressed certain extraordinary opinions about the editor of the *Herald*, which were allowed to pass for what they were worth."

We are very sorry to use such language in reference to the New York *Times*; but this is disingenuous and untrue. The "letter of an Occasional Correspondent" was written by one of the regular writers for the *Times*, in the discharge of his salaried duties, was submitted to, and received the sanction of the editor-in-chief. To pretend that the *Times's* responsibility for such an article could be evaded by printing at

its head "Washington, D. C.," is rather a good joke. It resembles the defense of the thief who, having directed his son to pick a pocket, pleaded on his trial that he had given the order in so low a voice that he was surprised the boy heard him.

THE LOUNGER.

THE DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.

[In a difference like the one now pending between the Trustees and the Scientific Council of the Dudley Observatory there may very fairly be different opinions; and as the *Weekly* desires in all questions to be generous and impartial, although it has expressed its own view of the debate very strongly, the Lounger willingly inserts the following letter, evidently written before a perusal of the *Weekly's* leader of last week.]

DEAR LOUNGER,—Two years ago Mr. Everett made one of his most elaborate speeches at the inauguration of an observatory in Albany. The American Association for the Advancement of Science were engaged at the time in their annual dinners, suppers, and excursions in and around that pleasant old Dutch town. A wealthy lady had given $50,000 to aid the nascent institution. Other liberal Albanians gave of their superfluity. They ordered meridian circles and transit instruments. Professor Gould, in his hopeful and excellent remarks preceding the oration of Mr. Everett, stated, for instance, that the Trustees, by advice of the Council, "had given to that new and exquisitely beautiful meridian circle the honored name of Olcott. * * * * Not that the name needed the chisel, but that the Trustees felt it due to themselves to find some outlet for their overflowing admiration and respect." The accord between the Scientific Council and the Trustees was perfect. The gentleman of the "honored name of Olcott" declared that he and his fellow-trustees were willing "to sink or swim with a Henry, a Peirce, a Bache, and a Gould, as the only chance of immortalizing ourselves in this world." Five thousand people assembled to applaud Mr. Everett's oration. The day was auspicious—the promise of success was brilliant—it was a feast of fraternity. It became immediately the fashion for patriotic citizens wishing to do good privately to appear in print as donors of odd thousands of dollars to the Dudley Observatory. American Science smiled as the Future promised to remove the skepticism that clouded its fame.

Ohimè! exclaimed the ancient Romans upon occasions of melancholy surprises. *Nous avons changé tout cela!* cry the modern French. The golden lips drip no more honey of eloquence; the "honored name of Olcott" is threatened with disastrous eclipse; and the shock of battle between the financial and scientific guardians of the institution resounds through the land.

It seems that the Trustee of the honored name supposed that the meridian circle to which his name was given was a kind of improved telescope, and he "panted" for the moment when Dr. Gould, astronomer-in-chief, should look through it and give new worlds to Albany as Columbus was said to have done to Castile and Leon. But Dr. Gould being one of the most accomplished of living astronomers—having studied with especial approbation under the most eminent scientific men of Europe—returning to be employed upon our Coast Survey—establishing at his own risk an astronomical journal of the highest character and excellence, which has become a standard—and being the scientific man selected in all America to prove the results of Lieutenant Gilliss's Chili Expedition—being, in fact, the person best fitted in every way for the position of chief astronomer, Dr. Gould went to work like a man of science, who understands that in an observatory precision and accuracy are the Alpha and Omega—went to work in a way to give the Dudley Observatory a prominent place among the best observatories of the world—and declined to contemplate the heavens through the meridian circle, declaring that it would defeat the essential purpose of the institution to turn it into a nursery and lounging-room for ennuied gentlemen and ladies who wished to look at the moon through a telescope.

Thence arose "differences" and "charges"—until the whole country is interested in the debate. The citizens of Albany have held a meeting to express their confidence in Dr. Gould, and their surprise at the treatment he has received. His scientific and personal character have been assailed. His manners and general conduct have been declared offensive—and the Trustee of the honored name, who panted for the celestial sights that were to be seen through the meridian circle, and who wished to arrest at least seven of the eight clocks—used in scientific observation and calculation—as "*vagrom* persons," publicly accuses the astronomical capacity of Dr. Gould!

Now there may be an honest difference of opinion as to the uses of an observatory between scientific men and gentlemen who know nothing of science. The latter may very naturally and properly desire to make up little picnic parties to cheer the loneliness of the astronomer at his post, and to look through the telescopes or the meridian circles at their pleasure. But, on the other hand, how would they like to have select parties of scientific gentlemen, with their friends, strolling into their counting-rooms and offices, and asking all kinds of absurd questions, at the very closing hour of the mail? Do they think that business requires exactitude, silence, and privacy, while science does not? Why, then, should they not naturally suppose that as they probably understand a thousand-fold better than scientific men the necessary methods and requirements of the counting-house, so those men better comprehend the proper conditions of an observatory?

The breach is apparently irreparable. Either the Trustees who differ with the Scientific Council must resign, and suffer their places to be filled by others, or they must persist in their removal of the Scientific Council. But before they do the latter, ought they not well to consider that in Professors Henry, Bache, Peirce, and Gould they have the four most eminent men in their departments upon this continent? Have they a moral right to sacrifice the scientific reputation of the country to a point of personal difference which has nothing to do with science? Respectfully, X.

LECTURERS.

THE Superior Court of Ohio has lately decided that people who lecture the public are not to have it all their own way. The patience of the public is prodigious in the matter of lectures. They are thrust upon it every winter, and it bears up under the infliction wonderfully. It actually seems to enjoy them, and to want more. It has been known to lay traps in the hottest days of summer to catch lectures to be consumed on the coldest winter nights. Every autumn, newspapers of an extreme sagacity declare that the thing has about run out, and that the suffering public is about to escape. The sagacious journals compliment the public, and crush the lectures, by declaring that the things are all made up out of encyclopedias and newspapers. But, despite these mortifying truths, the public is insatiable, and calls the horse-leech father.*

The purveyors for the public, however, consult the appetite they serve very carefully. They understand that the great gourmand must have its morsels lickersome and fresh. It doesn't wish to see the joints for its dinner exposed in the market for a month. No old vegetables are welcome. Let the lecture be as crisp with freshness to the ear as lettuce to the palate of the consumer.

A popular lecturer was engaged by the Cincinnati Mercantile Library Association to deliver a lecture, on the 19th of last January, for one hundred dollars. But on the 26th, 28th, and 30th of the previous November he came to the city and delivered lectures. When, therefore, the 19th of January arrived, the Association refused to hear the lecture or to pay for it. The lecturer sued for the amount of his promised fee. The famous orator, "Tom Corwin," was retained by the Mercantile Library. They did not deny the contract, but they contended that there is a usage, amounting to an understanding, between the Lyceum and the lecturer, that he will not injure the success of their enterprise by delivering lectures previously, and spoiling the market. The lecturer denied this—and lost his suit.

Such an understanding, under certain limits, does undoubtedly exist. But still, it is clear that a lecturer might engage with one Association in a city without prejudice to his right to engage also with another, unless it were so expressly stipulated. Of course the understanding would prevent his delivering the same lecture, except by well understood agreement. But these questions are usually settled outside the courts. We believe it is the first time in the history of the Lyceum that it has come to open legal debate.

There is another question in the ethics of lectures which has been often privately compromised. When a lecturer starts in good season to fulfill his engagement, and is caught in a snow-storm, or a flood, or some other insurmountable delay intervenes, so that he does not arrive in time—is he to receive nothing because he did not deliver the lecture? This would seem to be a fair case of compromise, and has been generally so regarded.

However, as we shall soon be told that the lecture fever has about died out, why should we agitate such questions?

THE POET.

[*What the young man said to the young woman who asked him if he liked poetry.*]

WHAT the bird says in the wood,
What the wave says on the sea—
The song of the summer solitude,
The poet sings to me.

The secret of heaven's blue,
Thoughts that to dreams belong,
Hopes that make each day new,
Are mingled in his song.

I sought him long and far:
I said, Shall we meet at last?
Art thou a steady star,
Or a meteor blazing past?

Give me a sign, I said,
To hang my hope upon:—
They showed me the poet dead,
With a laurel crown.

THE ILLINOIS RICHMONDS.

A POLITICAL spectacle, such as has been very rarely presented, is now offered to the country in Illinois. The two gentlemen who are the candidates of their respective parties for the United States senatorship, have commenced stumping the State. Stumping is common enough; but senatorial candidates do not often stump; and the point of the present matter is, that these two men, both of them of unquestionable ability, propose to discuss the most important and fundamental political principles before the people of the State.

Nothing can be more genuinely democratic than this. Nothing is really more harmonious with the spirit of our institutions. Such a course fully acquaints the people with the principles and the candidates. It is political education of the best kind, because the questions to be discussed in Illinois are not points of local or temporary policy, but the very foundations of all republican government. How much to be commended and imitated is such a course! Candidates for high offices are not always speakers; but when they are so, they can not acquaint the people too thoroughly with their views. And the more all primary political movements are made directly by the people, the more truly democratic and satisfactory our government will become. Such a course disturbs the despotic usurpation of caucuses, committees, wire-pullers, and grog-shops; but it restores the rule to the people.

Already the debate is commenced in Illinois. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas have each addressed thousands of people in Chicago. Their speeches will go over the land. They speak not for themselves and for their own State only, but for all intelligent American citizens; and as the discussion goes on through the summer all those intelligent citizens will cry, "God speed the right!"

A PLEA FOR TOADS.

"SIR,—I should like to know whether you mean me by your scurrilous and uncalled-for remarks upon toad-eating in your last number. I suppose you would have us cut all English gentlemen who come to see us. Can't I be polite to noblemen without being insulted in a newspaper? Sir, you're another.

"Yours, respectfully,
"THOMAS WEEKNESE."

MR. WEEKNESE,—in the same steamer came plenty of other English gentlemen with those you have in mind. Like them they brought letters to gentlemen on this side. Like them they were doubtless invited to dine, and were taken to see the city lions. It is all right and pleasant. It is also very clear that there is many a famous Englishman who is titled. But when, out of all the gentlemen so arriving, so introduced, so wined and dined and taken to contemplate the lions, two of the youngest, most modest, and entirely undistinguished, are selected to be publicly announced as being taken here, as introduced there, and as arriving somewhere else, it is for the simple reason that they are Lords. If they were equally undistinguished and merely Misters, nothing of the kind would be said; they would be suffered to travel quietly like other gentlemen.

You may be as polite as you please, Mr. Weeknese, and the Lounger will silently look on and admire your graceful suavity, and burn to reproduce it in his own bows. But when you eat toads, however large and pulpy, he will publicly call attention to the fact; because toad-eating is a poisonous business, and the whole community ought to be warned.

Good-morning, Mr. Thomas Weeknese.

AGIOCOCHOOK.

WHOEVER is going to the White Mountains, of which the above craggy word is the descriptive Indian name, will find the "White Mountain Guide," published by Mr. Eastman, in Concord, New Hampshire, one of the best of traveling companions. For it not only tells you where to go, and how to go, and what to see, but it contains some admirable descriptions from picturesque pens, and is so compact as to be easily slipped into the coat pocket. The White Mountains are our most frequented mountain region; and although the eye may sometimes crave a more awful altitude, that the mind may have the *feeling* of mountains, of which Byron speaks, and which is perhaps inseparable from bare, eternally snowy, and cloud-wrapt ranges, yet the White Hills are so imposing, so picturesque, and so accessible, that the traveler may well go to them to rehearse Switzerland.

DICKENS.

ALMOST at the same time with the circulation in this country of the report that Mrs. Dickens had separated from her husband on account of his improper intimacy with an actress, came a card from Mr. Dickens himself, stating that the causes of the separation were known only to his family. He said:

"Some domestic trouble of mine, of long standing—on which I will make no farther remark than that it claims to be respected as being of a sacredly private nature—has lately been brought to an arrangement, which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been, throughout, within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it."

For any honest mind ought that not to be sufficient? A domestic tragedy has befallen a man whose name is very dear to the world—calumnious gossips invent circumstances and reasons—he is tortured and driven to speak of the matter to the public, and he does so, saying that the affair is sacredly private and has been composed amicably, without anger or ill-will. For some weeks this manly and sad avowal has seemed to stop the mouth of rumor. But within a short time fresh explanations have been volunteered by newspaper correspondents, who, of course, are fully informed of all the particulars—to whom Mr. Dickens has undoubtedly repaired, to make a full confession of the circumstances. To be sure, in his card he says all that a man *could* say to any but his most intimate friends. But what is all that, compared with the probability of his reposing upon the bosoms of foreign correspondents, and pouring his griefs into their ears?

The last story of these bosom friends of Mr. Dickens, who—as one of his own characters would put it—do not repeat all the idle rumors they hear in a London chop-house—oh no, certainly not—is, that he and his wife had no intellectual sympathy, but that he had very much injured his reputation by the separation.

There is no help for such gossip, except in the writer's or speaker's sense of honor. The secret of this tragedy is known to the persons concerned. It is most sternly none of our business: and it did not need the card of Dickens to prove to those who knew him—not personally, but in his books—that whatever has been done has been done calmly and wisely, however reluctantly and painfully; and his influence, therefore, will be as little affected by this separation as it would have been by any other grievous misfortune.

APOLOGIES FOR SLANDER.

LAST week the Lounger spoke of the unjustifiable use of names made by committees and others in calling meetings of every kind. But we have lately had an illustration of a much more serious and disastrous license. The name of a clergyman was printed in some of the most respectable newspapers in the city as a hypocrite and villain. There was no proof. "It is rumored," and "it is said," were the grounds upon which the calumny was published. It was the most wanton and melancholy injury to a man who, upon investigation, turns out to be entirely innocent.

The newspapers will perhaps express their regrets. So they might if the editor had shot a man by mistake. But suppose some journal should state that some reputable citizen—giving his name—had been detected stealing in his neighbor's house, or in signing his neighbor's name to a check, and it should prove to be an utter fabrication. How satisfactory an apology would be! And suppose the gentleman sues for slander—suppose he recovers damages—every body knows that a certain stain attaches to his name, and that, for the very reason that the public knows nothing about him, the public will be sure to say that there couldn't have been so much smoke without some fire.

If a paper should print in the largest type that there were unpleasant rumors afloat in Washington, to the effect that President Buchanan had been seen picking General Cass's pocket, it would do the President no harm, because nobody would believe it. But when the only knowledge the public has of a person is that he is accused of forgery, it is so slow to disabuse itself of the association of the person's name and the imputed crime, that it might be a subject worthy the attention of journals whether an apology were an ample equivalent for suggesting the suspicion to the public.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Is the article in the August Number of the *Knickerbocker*, called 'Mrs. Potiphar and the Women of Homer,' by the author of 'The Potiphar Papers?'"

—No. It is by Professor North, of Hamilton College, New York.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—As 'Nothing to Wear' first appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, you will doubtless be able to inform me whether Miss Peck is the author of Mr. Butler's new poem, which I observe is advertised as forthcoming. Your obedient servant,
"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

—The Lounger is unhappily not in the confidence of the poet. He can only refer his correspondent to the lady who is engaged in the arduous duty of discovering who wrote Shakespeare; and hopes sincerely that Mr. Butler will not fall into the Peck of trouble which attended the advent of his first celebrated poem.

—J. S. M. sends the Lounger three sheets full. Why did he not consider the chances before he did it. Let him look upon this page, let him reflect upon those observations which the Lounger must make upon topics of current and general interest, and then ask himself—putting his hand upon his heart—whether he thinks he ought to have three sheets-full-of-fine-writing's worth of space. J. S. M. went to see Judge Peter Powerpay, and the Judge's daughter, and he put the Lounger—or his words—in clover upon the way.

"Your representative I carefully roll up into a proportionate roll; that is, not too large and not small enough to injure your fine look. I would not crush you into sharp corners for the world; I am now about to put you in my breast-coat pocket, and to keep you free from dust, and make your short stay there rather a retirement of pleasure than temporary confinement; I take this pretty little silk handkerchief which Miss —— presented me with, I sprinkle it over with essence of roses, you are rolled in it; now you are in a palace that a king might envy, and were one to knock for admission he would knock in vain."

Proceeding in a frame of mind which hears "gentle breezes sighing among the trees," he reaches the Judge's residence. He is a gentleman who sings—on Fourth of July's and all other days—

"Freedom's dearer to my heart
Than any thing I know,
I always think of it the first
Wherever I may go."

It seems that he is not "a partisan" but a poet, and a pater. His daughter, Miss Polly, desired her father to send his poetry to the Lounger before she sent hers. Now here is a stanza of the Judge's, and what is the offspring of such likely to be?

SMILING MORN.

BY JUDGE PETER POWERPAY.

O'er the mountain tops the first golden rays of morning are stealing,
The merry singing lark still is soaring in the sky,
The beauteous flowers their rich treasures are revealing,
Dropping dewy pearls from their lips without a sigh;
At the mountain foot a cottage through the trees is peeping,
Partly hid from view with a flowery vail,
And near a mountain stream o'er the rocks is leaping
To its shining pebble bason in the dale.
Smiling morn, smiling morn, we greet thee,
With you thoughts of beauty are born;
Oh, smiling morn! we greet thee,
Smiling morn, smiling morn, smiling morn!

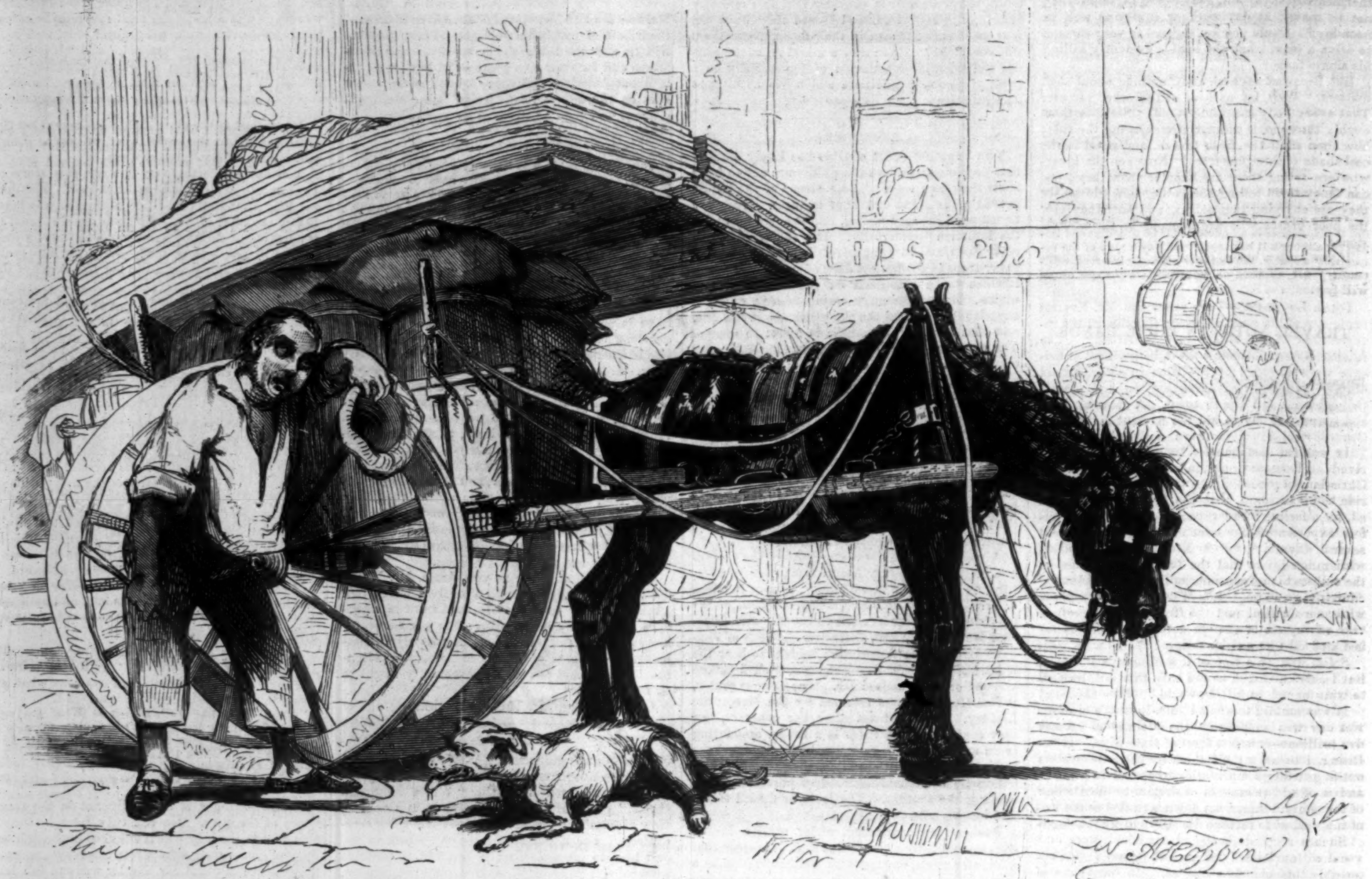
"Smiling morn" is good, as Touchstone says, but there may be too much, etc.

—V. DE V, it is not poetry. It is simply prose chopped into lines, and those not rhythmical or melodious. The feeling is natural and the story well told. You would be sorry to see it in print.

—AMIGOS, who writes from "Scumption City, New South Wales, at the full of the moon, 1190," ought to remember that Universities are of slow growth, and that the glory of Commencement is so brief an intoxication that he should not add to the severity of the subsequent headaches by any caustic criticism. Think how the fresh A.B.'s would flutter if the Lounger should print a communication of which the following is one of the mild sentences:

"The cause of litter-ature is known to be advanced by these public exercises."

* "The children of Alice call Bartram father."—ELIA.



THE CITY HORSE.

THE HORSE IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

On behalf of the horse, we beg to appeal to the sympathy of the public. The accompanying pictures tell so vividly the story of the sufferings of the town horse, and the delightful career of his country brother, that we need add to them but a very few words.

Horses need recreation and fresh air as much as men. They suffer as severely from excessive heat. They are as sensitive to overwork. Yet it is no uncommon sight to see a poor animal dragging an enormous load through the sweltering streets of New York in our dog-days; a load which, in cold, bracing weather, the poor brute could hardly move, and to yoke him to which, with the thermometer at 100°, is shameful brutality. Who has not witnessed such a scene as the one depicted above? Who has not heard the crack of the whip on the poor broken-down animal's sides? Ah! we stand in sad need of a law for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

True, as Beeswax says, business is business, whether the weather be hot or cold; and sugar, flour, and dry goods must be moved, whatever the

HORSES IN THE COUNTRY.

thermometer says; but, good Beeswax, might they not be moved at daybreak or sunset as well as noonday? Could you not suggest to your carman to drive a team when the load is evidently killing his single horse?

But Beeswax says we know nothing about such matters. Well, let us look at the other picture. That every body can understand. See how thoroughly those noble animals are enjoying the ride; how they snuff the fresh breeze, and revel in the cool shade of these fine trees! Not even the lovers who are riding them are happier than they; one can fancy them telling each other how gloriously they are enjoying themselves, and how they pity the poor brutes who are doomed to the cobble-stones.

If you keep a horse, friend reader, let him have country air as well as yourself; the experiment will pay.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXV.

Pergamos.—Moonlight on the old Church.—A Vision of John, and the Angel of the Church.—An Eastern Wife.—She runs away, and is caught and bastinadoed.—A painful Scene.—What shall we do with her?

It was the last hour of the week when we arrived at Pergamos, city of old fame as well as Christian interest. The cattle were tired, for the ride had been long. I was myself nearly exhausted, for a feeling of weariness that I have never before experienced has been oppressing me now for several days, and on our arrival here I rejoiced with much joy to find the tents pitched close by the ruins which the people call the ruins of the old church of St. John. I have never entered my tent with more willingness. I could scarcely wait to take off my clothes before I threw myself on my bed and fell into a deep sleep.

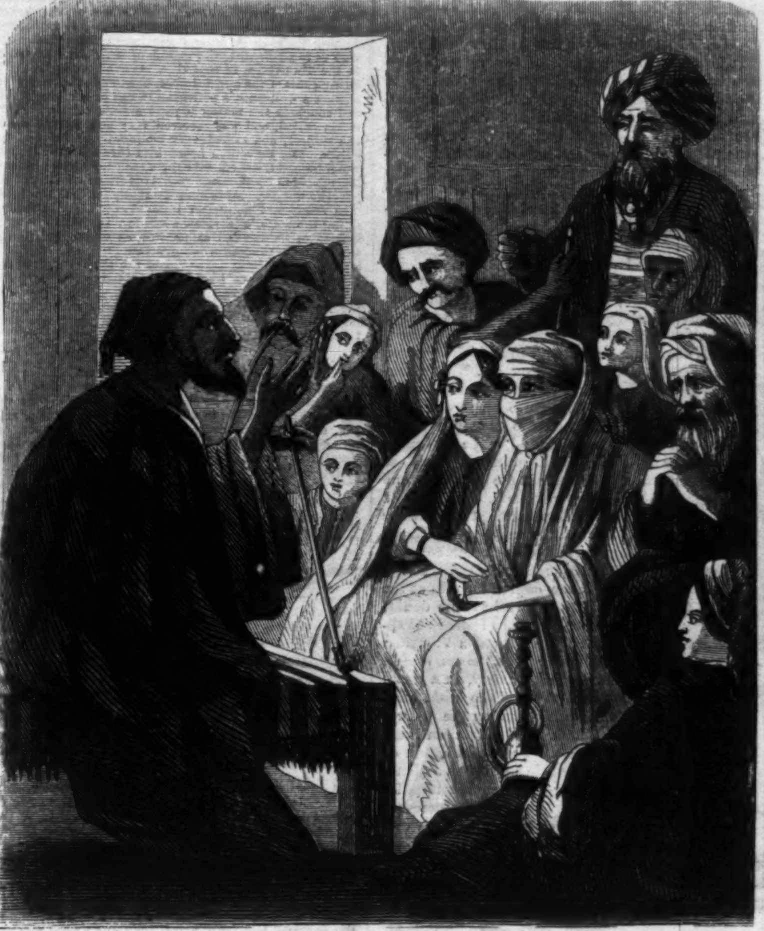
Selim woke me to say that dinner was ready, but I only turned over and bade him tell them not to wait for me, and I slept again profoundly.

It was midnight when I woke again, and now I woke so that I could not think of sleeping. A sudden restlessness had taken the place of my torpor. Rising, I threw my cloak around me, and walked out in as white a moonlight as ever shone on ruin, and making my way up among the fallen stones of the old building, I sat down on a prominent part of the wall and watched the stars in their courses.

Silence reigned in the places which were once vocal with praises. For in past years I think it possible this old ruin has rung to the voices of priests and nuns, brave knights of Holy Crosse, and followers of the banner of the Sepulchre.

It would have been natural for me at such an hour to people the aisles in imagination with the former worshipers; to recall the forms which had knelt there; look into the faces which had grown bright or sad there; see the eyes which had wept there. All this would have been natural, but for some reason—I can not say what—I did not. My imagination took a strange turn. It called into the old church at Pergamos the forms I have been most familiar with in America, and I saw them all coming here and kneeling in this old ruin.

First of all, there was the old man who was the fitting successor of John of Patmos, and somehow, as the old man went slowly up, with floating white locks on his shoulders, and countenance of serene splendor, as he went up to the altar and knelt, I saw him slowly transformed and he became in my view the beloved disciple himself. So he stood up, and the rest approached him one by one.



TELLING A STORY FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Ah, how beautiful, how radiant, was she who knelt first at his feet, and received his blessing! Long ago she was one of the white-robed of Sardis. Long ago she lay on the bosom that John so often lay upon.

Once, on a Sunday afternoon in the village, I, coming late to church, did not go up the aisle to the family pew, but sat down under the gallery close by the door. It was a summer day, and there came up a storm, and the air grew dark, and the thunder muttered lower than the deepest notes of the organ; and in the last hymn, while they were singing it, there came a blinding light, and a loud crash of thunder that shook the building and seemed to rock the world. It was brief, and then all was stillness. The terror of that thunder-bolt silenced all in the house—all save one. The organist fell from his seat, the congregation were silent; only when the thunder ceased there was one calm, sweet voice, pure, clear, seraphic in its melody, that did not seem to know that the others had ceased, but floated up, up in the old church, up in the hushed air out of the church, up into the very courts of the heaven of God. How it thrilled my soul! Even so calm, so perfect, so unshaken was her faith (for it was her voice), and in the awful silence on which it floated I wondered if the dead who lay in their graves around the house could not hear that note of the hymns of the redeemed. These were the words she was singing:

"I asked them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribed their conquest to the Lamb,
Their victory to His death.

"They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest!"

It was just at the close of this last verse that the crash came, but she heard it not, or heeded it not, and sang steadfastly to the close.

You are wondering why I write this story at Pergamos. Well, I will make it brief. She died not long after that; and last night she was here, before the altar of St. John; and as she came to the feet of her old friend she, too, was transformed, and—will you believe me?—she grew into beauty till my imagination made her the angel of the Church in Pergamos.

Then came elders, and old men, and matrons, and children, and—in short, I saw the villagers of that dear little village all here; and when John Steenburger came to look for me, he says he found me on my back, with my eyes closed, breathing heavily; nor could he, without great difficulty, persuade me to wake and go back to the tent.

This Sunday morning was brilliant; for perhaps it may explain this letter to you if I say that it is written on Sunday evening in my tent door, by the last rays of a declining sun, which saddens the glory of the old city.

We walked into the streets of the town. Ruins abound here, and those very magnificent. I will speak of them hereafter. We paused a while at the door of a house, where an Eastern story-teller was relating to a crowd of attentive listeners a tale out of the inexhaustible Thousand Nights.

As we approached the heart of the city we heard the loud cries of contending people, and at length arrived at a spot where justice was administered after the Eastern fashion.

The resident Governor was holding court, with the Khadi for his associate. At the moment of our arrival a curious case, and one somewhat unusual in Turkish countries, was on trial.

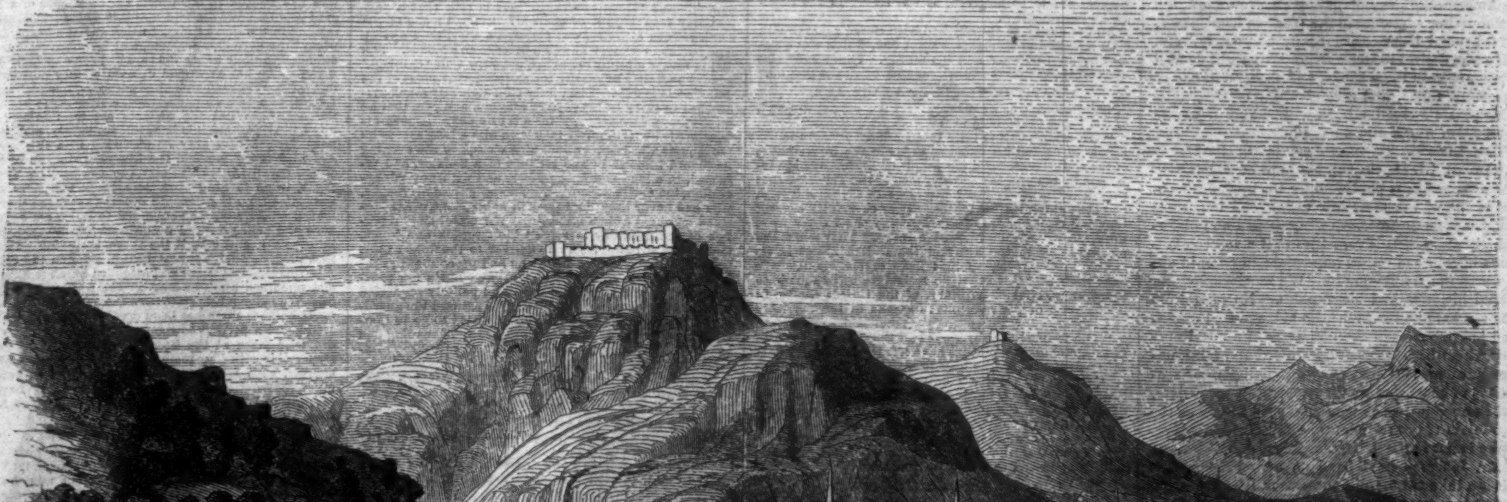
It appeared that Halil Betmassi had two wives; and Halil lived in peace at Soma, some five or seven hours from Pergamos. The first wife, a lady of twenty-one or two, became highly indignant at the introduction of the second; and after numberless family quarrels, she at length solaced herself by an intrigue with young Ali Achbraka, a wealthy inhabitant of Pergamos.

In this she was detected, but her husband forgave her. His forgiveness proved mistaken kindness, for a week afterward she stained and destroyed all her rival's dresses, poisoned her coffee, stole the diamond mouth-piece and ruby coffee-cup of her husband, and escaped to her lover in Pergamos.

Halil, elderly and fat, had not pursued her very rapidly, but, having caught her, he now demanded public justice. The coffee had not killed the favorite, or her life would have been the forfeit; but, as it was, she must be publicly whipped to satisfy her angry lord. And whipped she was, just as we arrived to see it.

I have seen brutal scenes, but never one like that. She was young, delicate, pretty, and sinful, but she did not deserve that.

Two rough fellows bound her hands behind her, and then they laid her down with her face in the



OLD CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, AT PERGAMOS.

lap, and held firmly by the knees, of a stout man. One man held her body down with main force while others tied her feet to a pole, and held them up, and took off her small embroidered slippers and her yellow under-slippers, exposing as beautiful and white a pair of little feet as ever trod the sand at Cape May or Newport.

Then came the whip on the soft soles, and the girl wailed and shrieked. I looked in vain for any sign of emotion in Halil's face. He smoked, puff by puff, and seemed—as did the Governor—to enjoy the scene.

The victim writhed, and pierced the air with her cries. She nearly denuded herself, tearing her clothes in her struggles, and exposing first one and then another white shoulder, and then her deathly-pale face, with the blood streaming from her bitten lips.

I could not stand it, but sprang forward to the side of the poor girl, and bade the executioner stop while I spoke to the representative of the Sultan. Halil rose in a fury at the interruption, but a shout announced that the woman had fainted.

"Then cast her loose!" said the Governor; and as they untied her the sitting broke up and the crowd separated, leaving us with the body of the woman. No Moslem of them remained. A woman, who proved to be a Christian, approached; and, with her help and our men, we carried her down to the tents; and here she is, unable to set foot on the ground or speak an intelligible word. What to do with her we don't know, but in the evening we expect Ali, her betrayer, here; and John Steenburger says he shall marry her (for her husband has divorced her), or he (John) will shoot him.

"A pretty business, John! to fight a duel for a Pergamos town-girl."

"A pretty business for you to bring such a girl here! What did you interfere for, if you didn't intend to see it out?"

I rather think John is right.

LITERARY.

We have recently called the attention of our readers to the fact that the season for preparing and stocking aquaria is now at hand, and we mentioned one or two books which contained instructions. The increasing interest which the public take in this very curious and instructive art (for art it may well be called) is evinced by the constant succession of new books treating thereof.

We have incidentally referred to Life Beneath the Waters, by Mr. Edwards, published by H. Bailliere, as an excellent text-book. We have since examined it, and find it well worth our recommendation. It might be more minute and full in its directions, but these will be found abundant for the use of any intelligent collector who thinks for himself. The particular value of the book is in its accounts of American water inhabitants.

Another work of the same sort is The Family Aquarium, published by Dick & Fitzgerald, prepared by H. D. Butler. It appears to be a sensible, practical book, not large, but well suited to the use of the collector. It is a pity Mr. Butler has not looked up from St. Paul's Church to the "aquaria" transparency on the Museum, and heard some of the fun that it has provoked. He would have been more cautious in telling us "what an aquaria is." "The grand aquaria," says Mr. Butler, "at the American (Barnum's) Museum, New York, *has* no competitor whatever in the Western hemisphere, and *is* beyond dispute the largest, most costly," etc.

He who desires to stock an aquarium will do well to procure both these books, and then, with one of Hammet's tanks, and careful study of the habits of his plants and animals, he will be able to possess a collection worth a summer's labor.

The Life of Thomas Jefferson, by Henry S. Randall, LL.D., the third volume of which completes the work, is published by Derby & Jackson, and is one of the most interesting and important contributions to American biographical and historical literature. It is very true that a contemporaneous history can not be impartial; nor would one be worth much if it were so. We sometimes prefer partial histories and biographies. No man lives who can assume the judicial mind, and sit in unbiased judgment upon the character of a contemporary whom he has carefully studied and tried, except such men as by their very stolidity (or stupidity) of character are incompetent to appreciate, and insensible to the true points and force of the characters they are judging. Mr. Randall's biography is not impartial. The friends and admirers of Mr. Jefferson need have no apprehension that this is a lukewarm, milk-and-water, literary breakfast at the great man's expense, nor will his enemies and haters be provoked to constant anger by insufficient glossings over of faults and errors, such as are the usual characteristics of impartial biographies.

This is bold and enthusiastic, and therefore readable and fair. It is frank and hearty; such a book as a man's worst enemy would, notwithstanding his enmity, like to see written of him.

Mr. Randall's study has been careful, and its results may in general be relied on. The historical character of the book is one of its chief recommendations. No American needs to be reminded of the events in which the sage of Monticello bore so conspicuous a part. From the first outbreak of the Revolution to his retirement from the Presidential chair, Mr. Jefferson was constantly and most intimately connected with every important event in the progress of the country.

But it is in the personal rather than the political life of Mr. Jefferson that we find Mr. Randall's volumes most interesting. The court gossip of Washington, in the early part of the century, was full of amusing matter, and here we find not a little of it. There is a very pleasant reminiscence of Mr. Jefferson's acquaintance with Moore, the poet, and his cool treatment of the young Englishman (twenty-four, and a cockney). Moore, of course, lampooned him, and Jefferson laughed at it. Years afterward he took up a volume of Moore, and, reading it, exclaimed, "Why, he *is* a poet!" and after that Moore was with him a great favorite.

We find a sketch of the famous Merry difficulty. Mr. Merry was the English Minister. Mr. Jefferson took Mrs. Madison out to dinner instead of Mrs. Merry, whereat the Englisher was furious, and a demand for explanation from the Home Government was thought imminent. But Monroe was then Embassador at London, and Mrs. Monroe had been treated in a similar way a few days before. Monroe was delighted at the prospect of a correspondence that promised him so much personal fun; but he unfortunately hinted to some one the advantage he should have, and the world was saved that little imbroglio.

Mr. Randall's work is well done, as by one who loves his subject; and we place the volumes on our shelves among the most valuable books of modern biography.

From Randolph we have a book which is one of the curiosities of the day, being Mr. Noel Humphreys' Butterfly Vivarium, or Insects' Home. Mr. Humphreys is well known to keepers of aquaria. He has devoted himself to the study of life in its various developments, and to the perfection of the means of prosecuting his studies. Hence he has made great improvements in the aquarium, and he has now built a cage for the accommodation of butterflies, moths, and all the brilliant and curious animals whose life is from the worm to the chrysalis and then the fly. The book before us contains his observations on the best method of constructing the Vivarium, which is now offered for sale at the English factories, and which, we have no doubt, some American will soon produce. It does not appear that Mr. Humphreys has yet put a Vivarium into successful operation, except on the small scale which many of us have tried, namely, in a perforated tin box. The chief value of the book, however, is in the instruction he gives on the general subject of insect life. This is, of course, an inexhaustible theme of interest. The examination of insect life is full of remarkable results, as a glance over these pages will show. There is a caterpillar which grows so large that its weight is increased to 72,000 times its first weight. The silk worm devours 62,000 times its own weight in thirty days. Common house flies increase 140 to 200 times their original weight within twenty-four hours after hatching. There is a caterpillar well known to collectors, which makes its cocoon but only for the benefit of others. A little fly has pierced his skin and deposited numerous eggs, which hatch out after the cocoon is made, first devour the caterpillar and then open their own cocoons and fill the vacant room of their victim till their own increase bursts the shell. A thousand points of interest like these are the results of Mr. Humphreys' studies, and will repay all who will devote time and attention to the same. The book is finely illustrated with colored plates.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

END OF THE MORMON WAR.

The conditions agreed upon at the conference between Governor Cumming, the Peace Commissioners, and the heads of the Mormon Church, are, that the troops shall enter the city without opposition; that the civil officers shall be permitted to perform their duties without interruption, and that unconditional obedience shall be paid to the laws of the land; while, on the other hand, past offenses are to be forgiven, as was stated in the President's proclamation.

All the houses in the city had been closed against both civil officers and strangers, except one, which was occupied by the Governor and his family. Every body else were obliged to sleep in their wagons or on the ground.

WHAT THE TERMS OF PEACE ARE.

The following is an extract from the official dispatch of the Peace Commissioners:

"We are pleased to state that we have settled the unfortunate difficulties existing between the Government of the United States and the people of Utah. We are informed by the people and chief men of the Territory that they will cheerfully yield obedience to the Constitution and laws of the United States. They cheerfully consent that the civil officers of the Territory shall enter upon the discharge of their respective duties. They will make no resistance to the army of the United States in its march to the valley of Salt Lake or elsewhere. We have their assurance that no resistance will be made to the officers, civil or military, of the United States, in the exercise of their various functions in the Territory of Utah.

"The people have abandoned all the settlements north of this, and all the families have left the city, only about 1500 persons remaining here to take charge of the property, and to burn it if the difficulties had not been settled. The people from this city and north of it have gone south to Provo, fifty miles south of this, and to points beyond. We will visit Provo and the settlements south in a day or two, and see and confer with the people, and inform them that the difficulties have been settled, and thus induce them to return to their homes."

OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

The letter from Minister Forsyth, asking an opinion relative to the levy of the Zuloaga Government on the property of American citizens, having been laid before Attorney-General Black, the subject has by him been thoroughly examined in connection with the official decree and the treaties between the Mexican and other governments—our own being placed on a footing with the most favored nations. While it is understood that a general tax may be imposed, according to the usual form, for legitimate purposes, yet taking all the data into consideration, and looking to the present condition of that country, the collection of money in the manner proposed is in the nature of a forced contribution. Thus the position of Minister Forsyth is sustained, and of this fact he will be duly advised.

Latest advices from Mexico state that the application of the forced loan to foreigners has been abandoned by the Government.

ARMY MOVEMENTS TOWARD THE NEW GOLD COUNTRIES.

A Washington correspondent says: "It is understood that General Scott has issued preparatory orders for all the available troops on the Atlantic sea-board to be ready to reinforce the army in Washington Territory. A detachment of four hundred men will sail from New York on the 20th inst., in a special steamer, for Aspinwall. These movements are consequent upon the defeat of Colonel Steptoe's command."

A PRESIDENTIAL PUN.

The Buffalo *Republic* tells the following at the expense of Mr. Butts of the Rochester *Advertiser*:

"But.—This little conjunction is a terrible intermeddler with results. During the late visitation of would-be postmasters from this State at Washington, a little scene occurred at the White House that confirms the effect of this fearful little spoil-sport. The candidates for the different offices did not rely upon themselves alone for success, but brought with them influential men from their respective cities, as aids to lead the forlorn hopes and sap the fortress of Executive patronage. Among them came several gentlemen from Rochester, who were advocating the claims of a Democratic editor to the Post-Office in that city. Our editor appeared to be sanguine of the appointment, but to clinch the matter, he sent a well-known politician to call on Mr. Buchanan, and conclude the matter beyond a peradventure. Politician called, and was received very politely; broached the subject, and talked very eloquently in favor of the editor. Mr. Buchanan heard him through quietly, and when he had finished, said the appointment had already been decided upon. And was it his friend? inquired the politician. Mr. Buchanan solemnly shook his head. The astonished politician immediately began recapitulating the editor's services, when Mr. Buchanan politely begged to be excused at present, as several gentlemen were waiting to see him on important business. "Should be happy to see you again," said the President, "or any of my friends from Rochester." "But—but," expostulated the chagrined politician. "Oh, I *beg* of you, but me no Butts, Sir," said the President, with a smile, "good-morning." With how much Paine these conjunctions were exchanged, time has shown.

GOVERNOR WISE ON MUD SILLS.

In addressing the New York volunteers who accompanied Monroe's remains to Virginia, Governor Wise is reported to have said: "It is time that Virginia was turning her attention to manufactories, mechanics, mining, and foreign commerce. No country, no State can live upon one only of the five cardinal powers of production. She must resort to all the five combined, and she is doing it. Go, before you leave here, my friends from New York, and look at the iron factories that are growing up around this noble scenery. I say that labor is not the 'mud sill' of society; and I thank God that the old Colonial aristocracy of Virginia, which despised mechanical and manual labor, is nearly run out. Thank God that we are beginning to raise miners, mechanics, and manufacturers, that will help to raise what is left of that aristocracy up to the middle ground of respectability. [Laughter and applause.] Look at the iron factory here; look at the tobacco factory here—that factory is every day stealing my life away with the very weed of luxury." [The Governor chews tobacco freely.]

ANOTHER COMET DISCOVERED BY A LADY.

The Nantucket *Inquirer*, July 9, says that a faint telescope comet was discovered by Miss M. Mitchell, of that town, on the evening of the 1st instant, in the constellation of Leo. It was also seen on the 4th, 5th, and 6th. Its position is so low that she is unable to obtain such measurements as will prove it to be a new one, or show that it is one heretofore seen.

JOHN P. HALE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Hon. John P. Hale has lately made a speech to the Abbott Female Academy, in which he said: A lady friend had asked him what she should do, as she was deprived of the right of voting, and he told her to go and unite her fortunes with one whose right to vote was unquestioned [laughter], and thereupon she had told him that was the meanest thing he had ever said. Those unfortunate females who were always complaining of their limited spheres, would be found to be those who had not the courage, and faith, and energy to do what was even in that limited sphere for them. No one had a right to complain so long as in the sphere of their influence they had left a single duty unperformed. Not until we had done what we could should we sit down with Alexander and cry that there were no more worlds to conquer. We should not complain while a single case of human wretchedness existed which we had not done what we could to alleviate by sympathy or aid.

In addressing young ladies he could not present the same motives which were usual in addressing boys; but he could assure them that every one could obtain all the good in life which they deserved. In concluding, Mr. Hale told a story of a young girl who said she had two things settled in her own mind; first, she would never marry a minister; second, she would never live in the town of B——. Yet she eventually married a minister of B——. "So it will be with you, my young friends," said Mr. Hale to the young ladies, at which great laughter and clapping ensued. "I perceive," continued he, "that it is the theological students that are clapping, because they think you will all marry ministers."

PRACTICAL USE OF KANSAS SHRIEKING.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* says:

"There is a law in the Old Dominion by which the creditor can lock up in jail any poor editor who happens to be in that peculiarly editorial condition courteously denominated 'short of change.' It is said that a particularly lean knight of the quill, living in one of the southwestern counties, was arrested a short time ago by a physician to whom he owed a balance on account. The jail is rather a primitive affair, not very well 'chinked,' and immediately adjoining the sleeping apartment of the jailor and his wife. The guilty man naturally asked permission to carry in his papers, scissors, and pen, that he might prepare some 'copy' for a future day. Among his documents he fortunately took with him a long speech on the Kansas question. About nine o'clock in the evening he placed himself in the attitude of a Senator, and repeated, in a loud and husky voice, and with great deliberation, the entire document. The jailer and his family, who had never been used to such exhibitions, were horrified and kept awake all night. The editor slept a portion of the next day to recruit his strength and lungs, and in the evening began to deliver to the naked walls the same 'summing up' which he had pronounced twenty-four hours before. He had uttered but a few paragraphs when the jailer appeared, and politely requested him to lower his voice. In answer, he assured the guardian of the public morals that he expected to go to Congress in a few years, and was in the habit of reading one of these efforts every evening to his family 'to keep himself in practice.'

"'And do you mean to read that speech every night in my hearing?'

"'I do, Sir.'

"'How much do you owe that doctor?'

"'Thirteen dollars, Sir!'—(*with Congressional emphasis*).

"'Will you refrain from keeping my family awake until I can make out the papers necessary for your discharge?'

"'I will, Sir.'

"In a short time the jailer returned, and assuring him he had paid his debt, requested him to give his note, payable in six months, and then, as an especial favor, to depart from his premises. The editor went on his way rejoicing, and the jailer will, no doubt, at the end of six months, renew the note rather than accept the alternative of harboring a Kansas man on his property."

TWO RUM FISHES.

The Port Elizabeth *Mercury* records the capture of two fishes of a rare species: "About three weeks ago the manager of the Watering Company's tank-boat, Mr. Thoroughgood, observing that two immense fish had got over a sand-bar into shallow water, rushed into the sea with a knife, without waiting for assistance, and managed, after a severe struggle, to kill them both. Upon examination they proved to be a bull and cow of a most singular fish. Having cut the heads off to preserve them for the novelty of their appearance, the carcasses were sold to Mr. John Stock for £9, who succeeded getting about fifty-one gallons of oil. Unfortunately none thought of securing any other part of the bodies. The back-bone and fins were thus permitted to be washed away to sea by the returning tide. The head had all the appearance of having an elongated snout not unlike the beak of a cormorant attached to a fish's body. The jaw, which extended about a foot and a half from the tip to the throat, opened a foot wide, and was entirely deprived of teeth. One of the fish was twenty-feet in length and the other eighteen feet. The dorsal fin was about six feet from the head, with two small fins at a corresponding distance underneath. The tail was placed horizontally, and measured fully three feet from fan to fan. The stoutest part of the body was about nine feet in circumference. For the sake of science we consider it a great misfortune that no scientific person was called in to examine it."

KISSES SWEETER THAN JEWELS.

The New Orleans *Delta* tells the following story: "A night or two ago, a fair, sweet girl, residing on Race, rear of Fourth Street, was partially awakened from her slumbers by a man in her chamber; but not fully aroused, she lay with closed lips for a minute, when, the sound being repeated, she started up, and saw, by the light of the little jet upon the gas-burner, a man's form disappearing through the window. She screamed involuntarily, and her father, armed with a revolver, was in her room in a few moments, greatly agitated and alarmed, questioning his lovely daughter as to the cause of her fear. She told him what had frightened her, and he ran to the open window, looked out upon the balcony and into the yard, but could see nothing of the terrible man, the midnight robber, and disturber of the dove-eyed darling's rest. The parent was disposed to think his daughter had been dreaming; that her imagination had painted what was not real; but on returning to her apartment she assured him she was wide awake, and that she had seen all she had stated. Her father was still incredulous, when, in looking around, he observed upon his daughter's dressing bureau, where a beautiful enameled watch, a pair of heavy bracelets, a diamond ring, and a necklace were lying, a slip of paper, on which was written:

"'Fairest, dearest Girl,—I came here to rob, but your beauty has made me honest for the time. I saw these jewels, but believing them yours, I could not take them. I have stolen what I value more—three delicious kisses from your unconscious lips. Do not be offended; they were gentle and innocent.

"'An Unknown Lover.'

"This story sounds romantic, we are aware, and perhaps some of our matter-of-fact readers will be skeptical in relation thereto; but we are assured, upon the best authority, that it is strictly veracious, and we publish it as an evidence that the age of gallantry and sentiment is not at an end; that the race of Rinaldo Rinaldini is not extinct."

HOW THE BLOOMERS DRESS.

A correspondent of the Davenport *Gazette*, writing from Cortlandville, Cortland County, New York, June 30, says; "Last Thursday and Friday the National Dress Reform Association held its third annual convention in this place. There were about one hundred and fifty women present in Bloomer costume, and lawyers, doctors, professors, editors, etc., participated in the doings. I believe some eight or ten different States were represented. Just think of it—one hundred and fifty 'Bloomers' together! They were of every age—from childhood to gray hairs—homely, handsome; smart, stupid; tall, short; enthusiastic, deliberate; tasty, slovenly. There seemed to be three leading patterns of the Bloomer pants: one style was loose, in the sailor fashion; another was the full Turkish style, gathered into a ruffle about the ankle; and still another was close, tight legs, like some your Shanghai dandies occasionally get on. The length of skirts ranged from two or three inches above the ankle to as much above the knee; and there was just as much variety in the materials, trimmings, and tasteful arrangement of the entire dress as you would find in any gathering of women. Silks, calicoes, velvets, lawns, linens, delaines, alpaccas, ginghams—in fact, almost every fabric and every figure of fabric might be found there. Nearly all of them wore their hair cut short about the neck, like school girls, with various styles of hat, trimmed to the wearer's taste, and walked in gaiters, slippers, boots, kips, etc., as the case might be."

BATHING AT OLD POINT COMFORT.

A Petersburger, writing from the Hygeia at Old Point Comfort, to the *Intelligencer*, says: "The bathing here is peculiar. A stockade is built out in the water, into which you enter and enjoy yourself as well as you can, considering the warmth and shallowness of the water. Hard by, another stockade is erected for the ladies. This is the misery of the thing! A few paces off you hear the most delightful shrieks and screams, and the most musical laughter. You know that fun is going on. But where you are there is naught save a melancholy 'sloshing around' of bilious and hideous males. The contrast between the two stockades—the fun, the frolic, and the females in the one, and the dull masculine splashing in the other—is horrid, horrid!"

SARAH LITTLES AT SING SING.

The Rochester *Union* says: "The Sheriff and party who attended Sarah Littles to Sing Sing have returned to this city, and report that she has assumed the attire of a convict and begun her labor for the State. The fact has already been alluded to by one of the papers, that she was attended to the dépôt at the time of her departure by certain persons, among them Ann Mack, a female who has figured in our courts as the keeper of a house of ill repute. We are told that this woman took a lively interest in the case of Mrs. Littles and the Stout family when they were first arrested, and has from time to time attended to their wants and supplied some of their necessities. Ann has expended upward of fifty dollars since last fall for clothing and other purposes, in assisting Mrs. Littles, who was, we understand, a stranger to her before the arrest. What the motives are for this course we know not—perhaps it is benevolence purely, and perhaps not. Mrs. Littles may be pardoned in a few months, and may repay fourfold the kindness she has received. When Sarah Littles was taken to the cars on Tuesday night, to go to Sing Sing, Ann Mack and some of her associates from the Cornhill suburbs appeared there. A man from Albany, who appeared to be an old acquaintance of Mack, procured a bottle of Champagne, took it into the car, and with it the three, including Sarah Littles, pledged their mutual health. When the cars left, Ann remained on board and attended Sarah to Sing Sing, and remained there as long as she was permitted to do so. We believe this statement is correct, and it is here made because there has been considerable talk about the affair, and a portion of the public desire to know what did take place at the time of her departure. Sundry respectable citizens, including married men, had been charged with furnishing that bottle of wine, and with other indiscretions, some of which they may be guilty of; but we believe the wine was purchased by an Albany man."

ACCIDENT ON THE ERIE ROAD.

A terrible and distressing accident took place on the New York and Erie Railroad on Thursday night about nine o'clock, by which which six persons were instantly killed and nearly forty more wounded. The night express train encountered a broken rail at Glen Hollow, about five miles from Port Jervis, when two cars were thrown off the track down the embankment, which at this point is nearly thirty feet high and very steep. The sufferers were removed as soon as practicable to Port Jervis, where the wounded received medical aid, and are attended to by the citizens of the town.

PERSONAL.

A Washington correspondent says: "The great labor of the State Department and the oppressive weather seem to bear heavily upon our veteran Secretary of State. General Cass has been quite indisposed, though not seriously ill. He complains of rush of blood to the head. He performs the duties of his office at his residence. The President has visited him."

A silly letter-writer says: "President Buchanan drinks nothing stimulating except old rye whiskey. I told him that you used to have the best that was distilled in our region, and he made me promise to see you and get him some if you had it. Could you let me have a barrel, or even a half a barrel, of the best you ever made? Write me. I will send a keg of it to the old chief if I can get it."

We find the following in a Washington correspondence; "The members of the Cabinet are flying off in all directions. Secretaries Floyd and Thompson are now absent, and Secretary Toucey and Postmaster-General Brown leave to-day for their respective homes. Attorney-General Black contemplates a flying visit to his family (now in Pennsylvania), of only a week. Mr. Cobb will remain, and watch the ebb and flow of the public revenue. General Cass is heavily pressed with the cares of State, and does most of his work at his private residence, where he steadily refuses to see any visitors, under any pretext whatever."

The Portlanders gave Senator Davis of Mississippi a

grand serenade on the 9th, and received a handsome speech in reply, which was cheered. We are glad that Jefferson Davis has got a peep at New England. It will do him good, and those who listen to him no harm.

Senator Ball is in Washington, where he is a housekeeper. Senator A. G. Brown, of Mississippi, has returned to Washington from a pleasant visit to Canada. Trumbull, of Illinois, is also in Washington, where he keeps house. Secretary Floyd left Washington to-day for a short visit to Cincinnati.

Ex-President Comonfort, of Mexico, and his brother, paid a visit to Brooklyn last week, and called upon Mayor Powell. They were shown about the City Hall. The visitors expressed themselves delighted with the police telegraph, the workings of which were explained to his Excellency.

The Secretary of the Interior, says the Washington *Star*, left the capital on Friday, accompanied by his family, for a short visit to his home in Mississippi. Since his accession to his present position, in March, 1857, Mr. Thompson has not before been absent for an hour from his post, except on one occasion, when he went to New York, and was away two days. He is expected to be absent from Washington for three weeks.

Ex-President Pierce and wife were to leave Madeira on the 1st of June for Lisbon; thence avoiding the larger European cities, for Vevay, in Switzerland, where he will spend the summer. Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mr. John Howard March will be with him in Switzerland.

The Boston *Courier* recommends that when Mount Vernon shall have come into the possession of the nation, a statue of bronze or marble, in some appropriate part of the domain, be erected of the orator by whose efforts it has been secured.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Mr. Albert Sumner, of Newport, Rhode Island, his wife and child, some time since were shipwrecked, and all undoubtedly perished. By the presumption of the law, the wife and child died first, and the husband became entitled to the property. Mrs. Sumner was a daughter of the late Walter Channing, of this city, and enjoyed the income of a large estate. Under these circumstances more than $30,000 became legally vested in the late Mr. Sumner, and through him came to his mother, sister, and his two brothers—Charles Sumner, our Senator, and George Sumner, Esq. The estate was administered upon by Mr. George Sumner, and, with the consent of all these heirs, the whole of this property, which the deceased had derived from his wife, has been surrendered to her relations."

The "Rarey family" consists of four brothers, who have been raised from boyhood in Groveport, Ohio. Their father was of German descent, a farmer and raiser of stock, and all of the boys were brought up on the farm, and they have followed that pursuit, more or less, to the present time. They are all, however, in possession of the art of "horse-taming."

The oldest is William H., who made the first discovery of the principles of the nature of the horse that led to the perfection of the system which is now astonishing the world. The second is Charles W., who is now teaching the system in the western part of Ohio. The third is Frederick, who now lives on his farm, about two miles from Groveport. The fourth, and youngest, is John S., who, together with his oldest brother, William H., has devoted his life to the study of the horse, and is now teaching the nobility of Europe the results of his experience.

Ex-Rev. J. S. Kalloch attended a religious meeting in Rockland, Maine, a week ago Sunday evening, and took part in the proceedings. He got into a sharp discussion with Deacon Wilson, who was a prominent witness in the famous Kalloch trial, and Elder J. Baker, a Baptist preacher. Mr. Kalloch took offense at some remarks of Elder Baker, which he understood to apply to him. The discussion and meeting were at length ended by the gas being turned off, leaving the audience in darkness.

Ex-President Millard Fillmore is suffering from inflammation of the eyes, and is obliged to forego reading.

Mr. Stoeckl is going to Russia on leave of absence, and will take his Yankee wife along, to show Alexander how diplomatic relations may be cemented by domestic ties. He was a long time Secretary of Legation under Bodisco, who, Jew as he was, lived here for a quarter of a century, making a fortune, and winning not only golden opinions from all sorts of people, but the fairest bride that has blushed for many a day on the banks of the Potomac. The moral force of good example was well illustrated by his faithful Secretary, who, according to a letter in the *Tribune*, was prompt to adopt the hint contained in a suggestion made by the Minister of Foreign Affairs after Bodisco's death, when, speaking of Stoeckl—then a bachelor—he remarked he was glad to hear he had taken an American wife. In a few months after he removed the only obstacle to promotion, and the full mission followed as a natural consequence. We have done a good deal to Americanize foreign diplomacy by such tender connections, and with more credit than by grafting un-counted adventurers upon respectable households through the weak minds of fast young women, or the ambitious infirmities of half-cracked mammas.

A letter from Florence (June 20) says: "Mr. Hawthorne and family are among our present American visitors. Mr. Bryant and his family have passed on to Venice, after a few days' sojourn. The season is unusually sultry, and many of our foreign visitors are seeking relief at the Baths of Lucca."

Edwin Stevens, Esq., of Hoboken, was brought home to his residence at Castle Point from Princeton, a few days since, in a very weak and exhausted condition. It is hardly possible that he can survive many days. He was brought home in the Hoboken ferry steamer *Phenix*, and conveyed from the wharf to his residence on a litter.

The Syracuse *Journal*, wishing to tell the editor of the Albany *Knickerbocker* that he lies, avoids that vulgarity by the severer method of a Scriptural reference, and assures the Albany man that "he is perfectly well aware that he is guilty of the sin for which Ananias was struck down by an indignant Deity."

Some wag, writing from Cairo, Illinois, since the subsiding of the flood, says there are now in that city 452 distinct and different smells, *and several wards yet to hear from!*

The Malta (Mediterranean) *Times* says: "Among the passengers last brought by the *Madina*, from Tunis, was Lady Franklin, widow of the celebrated Arctic navigator. Her ladyship's health being impaired, she is revisiting on these shores friends and scenes endeared to her by reminiscences of the time when Sir John Franklin was in command of a ship-of-war attached to the station. Lady Franklin left for Athens on the third day after her arrival."

The Penobscot Indians are now doing a smashing business in manufacturing hoops for ladies' dresses out of basket stuff. The red ladies have also adopted the fashion in its greatest amplitude.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.—THE LORDS BACKING DOWN ON THE JEW QUESTION.

On the 1st inst., in the House of Lords, the question of the admission of Jews into Parliament was taken up. Lord Derby receded from his opposition to the measure. He believed it was impossible to maintain inviolate the principles for which their lordships had so long contended, without bringing themselves into collision with the House of Commons. Therefore he felt it was the duty of the House to consider whether there was any possibility of satisfactorily settling all differences. He believed that the suggestion of Lord Lucan—that the Commons should be allowed to dispense, by resolution, with the words "on the true faith of a Christian," when a member of the Jewish persuasion applied to take his seat—afforded the only solution of the difficulty; and therefore, though with great regret, he was prepared to accept the measure.

Lord Lyndhurst consented to postpone his bill, and Lord Lucan, in moving the second reading of his measure, explained that it gave the House of Commons the power of omitting the words, "on the true faith of a Christian," by resolution, but required that any member of the Jewish persuasion should present himself, in the first instance, at the table of the House, and state his objections to the oath in the form in which it now stood.

After some debate the second reading was carried by 143 to 97.

NEWS FROM THE TELEGRAPH FLEET.

Through the kindness of Captain Joseph Cummings, of the ship *Alice Munroe*, from Liverpool, arrived off Boston, the Associated Press has received the following:

"At sea, Sunday, June 27, 1858, latitude 52·5 north, longitude 33·15 west, wind west and light, and weather hazy, saw two ships heading to the eastward. On looking with a glass, found them to be the United States steam frigate *Niagara* and her Majesty's ship *Gorgon*, of the Telegraph Squadron; and as they were lying still, I at once tacked ship and stood toward them.

"At eleven A.M. was boarded by Cyrus W. Field, Esq., and a lieutenant from the *Niagara*, from whom we received a letter-bag and the following communication, viz., that the squadron had experienced very bad weather from its leaving port, and were sixteen days reaching their destination, and that they had made two unsuccessful attempts to lay the cable. On the second attempt, the 26th, they succeeded in laying upward of forty miles, and were going along finely, when the communication suddenly ceased, at 12·55 Sunday morning, the 27th of June. The ships then returned to the starting-point, and were waiting the return of the *Agamemnon* and *Valorous*, and as soon as they met a splice would be made, and another attempt made to lay the cable.

"We lost sight of the *Niagara* at 3·30 P.M., and as the fog set in soon after, I do not think the squadron met before the 28th. The weather since for some days has been foggy and unsettled.

"Mr. Field seemed to be in good spirits, and thought that they should yet succeed in laying the cable. The stormy weather had interfered much with the success of the enterprise.

"One of the ships had sustained slight injury—a coal-bunker breaking loose, by which one sailor had his leg broken, and another his arm.

"All were well on board the *Niagara*. Her machinery worked well, and the ship performed well."

THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC MESSAGE.

In the event of the success of the transatlantic telegraph, the London *Observer* says the first message which will be sent along the wires will be, as we stated on a previous occasion, one addressed by her Majesty to the President of the United States. The message, carefully sealed, has been sent to the United States Legation, and will not be opened until the telegraph is perfectly ready for its transmission. It would, of course, be idle to speculate on the nature of the message, but we may confidently state that it will not be that very inappropriate one which our transatlantic contemporaries announced it to be last year, namely, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." It is not exactly a message which the first lady in England might be expected to send to a gentleman in the United States, and it would be, besides, singularly infelicitous when applied to a work such as an Atlantic telegraph.

DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES.

The London correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, writing on the 26th of June, gives the following explanation of the incompatibility between Dickens and his wife:

"In the literary world very little is stirring, except the gossip on the domestic affairs of Charles Dickens. Probably his explanatory letter, published a month ago, and full of mysterious allusions, has excited as much curiosity in America as here. The facts dimly alluded to are these: About twenty-two years ago, Mr. Dickens, then a clerk, married a very pretty and amiable young girl (whose parents opposed the match as far beneath her), and took her home to obscure lodgings in Furnival's Inn. For some years they lived very happily together; but Mr. Dickens having become a great man, flattered and courted, finds that his domestic felicity is not as great as could be desired.

"Two or three years ago he gave a dinner to his literary friends on the anniversary of his wedding-day, and, in proposing his wife's health, stated that he had never seen a shade of ill-temper over her in his life. This equability of disposition does not satisfy him. She is not intellectual. He reads his works to her, and she, absorbed in needle-work, inquires abstractedly what he means by some of his most brilliant passages. In short, she is not a companion to him, so the brilliant novelist and actor separates on the ground of 'incompatibility,' from her whom he vowed before God to love and to cherish, and from henceforth their lives have separate ends. The oldest child, a youth of twenty-one, has chosen to follow the fortunes of his mother, while the daughters remain with their father. To make the affair still more notorious, a young lady, Mrs. Dickens's sister, has undertaken to 'keep house' for Mr. Dickens and his daughters. The whole affair is very repugnant to our ideas of matrimonial constancy, and has not enlarged the circle of Mr. Dickens's admirers."

HOW YOUNG WOMEN WORK IN LONDON.

The London *Weekly Times* says that the young milliners and dressmakers of that city are condemned to sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen hours of toil out of the twenty-four in each day and night. Their work is carried on in crowded, unventilated rooms, where their frames are kept bent at their labor until their eyes ache and their limbs refuse to perform their duty. They have a short and painful life and an early grave. In a recent speech, Lord Shaftesbury said that many of these young women had been trained gently and tenderly, in delicate and happy homes, possessing all the virtues and tenderness that belong to the female sex, and rendered by those very characteristics more obedient, more unmurmuring, more slavishly subject to the authority and tyranny of those who are put over them. His lordship adds, that they have no alternative between submission and the street door; and then asks, "Is the condition of such a young woman one whit better than the condition of the most wretched slave in the Southern States of America?"

FRANCE.

RUSSIAN PRODIGALITY IN PARIS.

A letter-writer says: "Some singular traits of French character came to light recently on a suit brought against Prince Youssoupouff by a painter. The artist had engaged the Prince to purchase some of his works, and pretended the Prince had engaged to take every painting he produced! Prince Youssoupouff appeared personally before the court, and stated that his time and attention were engrossed resisting demands made upon his purse. He said that he had, from Russia, engaged a hotel in the Rue de l'Universite; to his surprise, he found, when he reached Paris, the mansion filled with butlers, stewards, ushers, cooks, ostlers, secretaries, and the like, who all pretended they were engaged by him, who lived for three months before his arrival on the credit of his name, presented him with bills for their services, laid at the most enormous rates of remuneration, and could not be made to quit his mansion until he had procured a decree of court and secured the services of a squadron of policemen! Did you ever hear of such insolence? There is a Russian family named De Gusbourg, who occupy the whole 'first floor' (that is what you would call the third floor, as it is above the ground floor and the *entresol*) of the furnished house called L'Hôtel des Trois Empereurs—a house on the opposite side of the Place du Palais Royale from the Hôtel du Louvre, and which extends from the Rue de Rivoli to the Rue St. Honoré. This family pays $48,000 a year for their rooms on the first floor, thanks to the impudence of their landlord! Once a week they assemble all, or at least several hundreds, of the beggars in Paris in the court-yard of the hotel, and distribute money to them. A more disgusting sight than this congregation of *chiffonniers, choffonnieres, egoutiers, vidangers*, and decayed *lorettes*, I have rarely witnessed. And I suspect if the donors could overhear, as I overheard, some of their beneficiaries comment on their largesses, I think they would soon tire of this folly."

MR. HUME'S MARRIAGE AND FUTURE CAREER.

We gave some time since in this journal a portrait of Mr. Hume, the famous spiritualist. We have also stated that he is to marry, on the 19th of this month, at St. Petersburg, Mlle. Kroll, sister-in-law of the rich and magnificent Count of Kouchelef-Besborodko, who will give his sister-in-law a dowry worthy the magnificence of a Potemkin. They speak of a million of roubles, and of lots of peasants endowed with extraordinary quantities of spirituality.

Count Kouchelef, Hume, and Alexander Dumas, who accompanies them and who will be Hume's witness, have left Paris for Russia. After his marriage, Mr. Hume is going to found at Paris a grand establishment of supernatural communications—a sort of Spiritualistic Exchange.

To this establishment there will be joined a school of *Fluidism*, where the rich will be initiated in that great mystery—requiring a sacrifice proportioned to their wealth. This school will be divided into three classes. The first will be a sort of gymnasium, purely mechanical, where will be shown the methods of disengaging the fluid by exercises at once physical and intellectual.

In the second class, the fluid being developed, awakened, and active, they will show how to direct it by faith and by will. It is not sufficient to have the fluid, it must also be known how to use it.

The mode of using it is, then, what they will teach in the second class. In leaving this class the adepts will know how to turn tables, to summon spirits, to question them, to receive answers, and, in fact, to place themselves in communication with the other world. This is the class of Reception.

But when this is known, all is not yet done. This is only to be in communication with the spiritual world—it remains yet to learn how to profit by these communications. They must not be regarded as useless play, as a series of curious but unfruitful experiments. We must learn all that the spirits know more than we do; we must use them to elevate ourselves, to make us better, richer, and more powerful.

This is what will be learned in the third class.

ABSINTHE AS A FRENCH INSTITUTION.

A Paris correspondent of the Boston *Courier* says: "A little detail may serve to show what is the education of the gentlemen of the French army. When, in the first instance, the two sous-lieutenants went to the *Figaro* to ask for M. de Pène, in order to settle a hostile meeting with him, they addressed the person they spoke to thus: 'Where is M. de Pène to be found? Where is the *café he frequents?*' As no answer beyond a stare of astonishment was awarded to this, they added; 'But at what hour and where does he take his absinthe?' Now this requires explanation, and illustrates the habits and manners of French garrisons. The *home* of a French officer is the *café* he chooses to adopt; thither he and his comrades repair to play dominos, drink, and smoke, and their usual life is diversified by no more serious or intellectual occupation. But the 'absinthe' is even worse. It is the fashion now of far too many Frenchmen of a certain class—but especially of the military men—to dose themselves with this most pernicious liquor, the most celebrated victim whereof, and the most undeniable one, was Alfred de Musset, the poet. There are certain hours when the persons I speak of repair to their *café*, or to one of the brandy shops now so widely spread over French towns, to drink their absinthe. It seemed, therefore, impossible to these gentlemen of the rapier that any man should pass his life more respectably than they themselves did, and, accordingly, they inquired 'when and where M. de Pène took his absinthe?'"

AN ARM-CHAIR STUFFED WITH BANK-NOTES.

The papers lately published an account of an old miser who had a habit of concealing his money and valuables in the covering of an ancient arm-chair, in which, invalided and unable to move, he passed his life. After his death this piece of furniture, worn with age, together with other household articles, was sold at auction for almost nothing, but subsequently was discovered by the lucky purchaser to contain upward of twenty thousand francs in good, clean notes of the Bank of France! What a soft, pleasant chair, to be sure! How delicious must have been the repose it afforded!

THE MYSTERY OF A LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

Some time since a charity ball took place at the Paris grand opera, and among the incidents upon that occasion occurred the following: A marine officer discovered upon the floor near the buffet a richly-embroidered handkerchief, edged with Valenciennes lace of great price. He proclaimed aloud his discovery, but nobody appearing to claim the valuable chiffon, he tied it to the handle of his sword, and, thus decorated, promenaded the foyer. His idea was a happy one, apparently, for soon a monsieur of most respectable appearance approached, and said the handkerchief belonged to a lady dressed in yellow silk, also of highly respectable appearance, whom he designated, seated upon a divan. The officer, of course, restored the article, and received the thanks of the monsieur, whom he saw soon after deliver it to the lady, after which both departed. But the next day what was his astonishment at receiving from the Baronne de V——, with whom he was very slightly acquainted, a billet, thus conceived:

"My dear Captain,—You found, I am told, at the ball last evening, a handkerchief which I had the misfortune to lose. Be kind enough to deliver it to my valet de chambre, who brings you this note. I am happy that this handkerchief fell into your hands, as it belongs to my *corbeille de mariage*, and I should have been desolated at its loss. A thousand grateful thanks.

"Baronne de V——."

The worthy mariner comprehended at once that he had been the victim, the night previous, either of an error or a robbery. What to do? Try and find the respectable monsieur and the lady in yellow silk, or conduct himself like a perfect gentleman toward the charming reclaimer, who addressed him as "my dear captain?" He chose the latter course, and commenced by giving the liveried domestic a Louis, from whom, by avowing the case, he succeeded in obtaining the address of the fine-linen establishment where the marriage articles had been purchased. It was in the Rue de la Paix, and thither he hastened. The valet, who accompanied him, selected from among the many handkerchiefs presented by the officious clerks one which nearly resembled the object lost. The gallant captain paid four hundred francs for the luxurious trifle, remitted it to the Baronne by the domestic, and immediately sought relief in tobacco and a stroll for his pecuniary suffering. Four hundred francs! But oh! the wickedness of human nature! It was not the pretty Baronne who had written to the officer, for she had not even been to the ball, much less lost a handkerchief! It was dropped by the wife of a foreign minister, who reclaimed nothing, and the mariner, innocent in worldly matters, had been twice duped by the same parties! This is the same young man who is about to marry the pretty glove merchantess of the Faubourg Montmartre.

NEW FASHIONS FOR SUICIDES.

A Paris letter says: "In one day this week there were five suicides! One man drowned himself in the Seine—his first bath for many years and his last; another, a member of the National Guard, tired of defending his country, and wishing to be a patriot no longer, shot himself through the heart with his musket, curious to see if he could fire a gun accurately; a third delivered up his spirit by the aid of burning charcoal, dying happily of suffocation by gas; a fourth took a flying leap out of a fifth story window, distributing his brains on the pavements, free to be picked by any more deficient than himself; and a fifth—how do you imagine he did his business? He blew off his head with gunpowder! As a kind of opening mixture—a species of Seidlitz powder—he placed a packet of gunpowder in his mouth, lighted it by means of a fuse, and so smoked himself completely out! His mouth was so enlarged that with difficulty his friends could recognize him, and they are not certain yet whether it is himself or some acquaintance of the family!"

KILLING ONE'S SELF IN SPORT.

"There is a furnished hotel in the Quartier St. Denis," says the *Droit*, "which is principally occupied by junior clerks. There is a large room in common for them, where those who happen to be without employment pass their time in playing cards or talking. A few days since, one of them, Emile D——, said to his companions, in a jocular way, that it was so hot, and he was so out of spirits, that he had a strong inclination to blow his brains out. One of the young men present said he would make a bet against his doing such a thing. 'What will you bet?' replied Emile, still in the same laughing tone. 'A bottle of beer.' 'Done,' said the other; 'but order the beer at once, for as, to gain the wager, I must shoot myself, I should like to drink my share of it first.' The beer was ordered and drunk, when Emile rose up to leave the room. 'Where are you going?' said the others. 'To shoot myself,' was the reply, which was received with a burst of laughter from all present. Their merriment was, however, immediately put an end to by the report of a pistol in an adjoining room, and on running to the spot they found the young man lying dead on the floor. As no clew to his family could be found, the body was conveyed to the Morgue."

SPAIN.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

A telegraphic dispatch gives the following as the new appointments in Spain:

Minister of Foreign Affairs and of War, O'Donnell; Minister of Justice, Nagrette; Minister of Finances, Salaverra; Minister of the Interior, Daherra; Minister of Marine, Noedda.

DEATH OF THE BLIND GUIDE AT THE ESCURIAL.

La Cronica of the 12th ult. has the following:

"Letters from the Escurial announce the death of Cornelio, the famous blind guide. Cornelio was of himself, as it were, an additional wonder to admire at the Escurial, because of his excellent memory and his skill in leading travelers, explaining to them with minuteness the merits and history of all the master-pieces of art contained in one of the most celebrated edifices of the world. His original character has struck more than one foreigner, and even led to the taking of his portrait. This poor blind man lived upon the presents given to him by the visitors to the monastery, and whom he served as cicerone. It seems he will be replaced by the shepherd Alvarez, who became so noted for his great memory, and whom her Majesty placed for that purpose in this royal edifice."

ITALY.

THE VERAZZANI FAMILY.

A correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* says: "It is rather remarkable that no Italian power ever had the slightest possession on the (American) continent, though its first four discoverers (including Verazzano, a Florentine) were all Italians; a significant historic illustration of the course of empire. The family of Americus, who was himself never married, is still represented in this city by the worthy descendants of an uncle. The present head of the family, a gallant young antiquary of noble presence, is in honorable employment under the Government. One of the sisters is, I believe, less honorably associated somewhere in the United States. The original family residence is here carefully preserved, and an authentic bust of the navigator adorns the public museum. A fine portrait, by a distinguished contemporary master, was confided to Mr. J. Edwards Lester some years ago, as a present to the Government of the United States, though, it is said, the trust has never been fulfilled."

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

THE FRAZER'S RIVER GOLD-MINES.

A San Francisco correspondent thus describes the rush to Frazer's River: "Not since the discovery of gold in California, ten years ago, has there been any thing to equal it in the United States. Every steamer and sailing vessel that leaves here is choked up with passengers, and the tide of emigration appears only to have just set in. The excitement rages with the utmost fury, and nothing is thought or spoken of save the richness and extent of the new El Dorado. Politics, the Utah war, and every thing that could interest, have been forgotten in the almost universal desire to reach the bleak, but supposed auriferous fields of the Hudson Bay Company's territory. Old and young, married and unmarried, merchant and mechanic, all are going to the new diggings. Our population, made up as it is of adventurers, reckless, and many disappointed men, yields its thousands to the stream that sets toward the north, and it would seem we are only at the commencement of the exodus. There is no use denying that the fever has reached a high point, and there are sufficient grounds for the belief that unless something occurs to lessen its violence, California will lose at a low calculation one-third of its male inhabitants within the next six months. The boats and stages from the interior arrive daily, freighted with their hundreds of anxious gold seekers, eager to reach the scene of the new discoveries. The crowd can not be stayed for a moment—they go determined to discover the value of the mines, as to which, it is well here to say, some doubts are expressed. The spirit of adventure that moves the people, and the hope of acquiring wealth by a month's labor, are levers it is useless to attempt to counteract."

EXPERIENCE OF A MINING PARTY.

A California paper says: "Six men who have just returned from the mines state, about six weeks ago they left this city on the steamer *Commodore*, and took a whaleboat with them, in which they performed the remainder of the trip from Victoria to Hills Bar, 150 miles above the mouth of Frazer River, and two miles below Fort Yale. They mined for ten days in the Bar, until compelled to desist from the rise in the river, in which time they took out $1340. They used but one rocker, and have no doubt but they could have done much better with proper appliances. There were from sixty to seventy white men at work on Hill's Bar, and from four hundred to five hundred Indians, men, women, and children. The Indians are divided in opinion with regard to Americans, the more numerous party, headed by Pollock, a chief, are disposed to receive them favorably because they obtain more money for their labor from the "Bostons" than from "King George's men," as they style the English. They have learned the full value of their labor, and instead of one dollar a day, or an old shirt, for guiding and helping to work a boat up river, they now charge from five to eight dollars per day. Another portion of the Indians are in favor of driving off the "Bostons," being fearful of having their country overrun by them. Provisions were exceedingly dear and scarce, flour selling for eighty dollars the barrel, bacon at seventy-five cents a pound, and butter at one dollar a pound. They reached Hill's Bar in twenty-one days from San Francisco, and recommend the Victoria route as the most favorable."

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.

"Among the mass of narrations," says a San Francisco paper, "with which we have been favored, relative to the Frazer River mines, since the arrival of the *Panama*, we select the subjoined account from Mr. Henry Ettling, a young gentleman of this city, who has been for some time mining on that river, at Hill's Bar, one hundred and sixty miles above the mouth, and the same place known by some persons here as Kennison's Bar. There were about seventy American miners on the Bar, and, previous to the late rise in the river, they were averaging one ounce a day to the hand; but, since the freshet, they have not made more than two dollars and a half to the hand daily. Mr. Ettling and his partner had never mined before, and were, consequently, green at the business; nevertheless, they realized together, six ounces in five days. Being unsupplied with a rocker they cut down a tree, made a rough substitute for a rocker, and perforated the holes with an iron spoon. The miners on the river appeared to be well satisfied with their operations. Mr. Ettling and his partner purchased a canoe at Port Townsend for $50, and navigated from there to Hill's Bar in it. He was three days from Port Townsend to the mouth of the river, and seven days from thence to Hill's Bar, 106 miles above. Wild ducks and geese were plentiful at the mouth, but no game had been seen beyond that point. Salmon, however, was abundant in the river, and were easily taken. Boots, shoes, clothing, tea, coffee, sugar, rice, etc., could be purchased at Forts Langley and Hope, but no meat. In returning he came from Hill's Bar to within five miles of the river's mouth, in one and one-half days, showing the great rapidity of the current. He saw two men weigh the proceeds of one day's labor, and it amounted to $42 50. The British war steamer *Satellite* was anchored off the mouth of Frazer River, and no canoe was allowed to land any where that had liquor on board.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, ESQ., OF CINCINNATI, AND THE VINEYARDS OF OHIO.

THE name of Nicholas Longworth has been so often before the public, and is so widely known in connection with the interest he has taken, during a period of thirty years, in the cultivation of the strawberry and the grape, and the making of native wine, that we have thought we could both entertain and instruct our readers by giving them some idea of the man, and a brief history of the origin and progress of the particular branch of American industry to which he has so perseveringly devoted his attention.

Mr. Longworth is a very peculiar specimen of a fine old American gentleman—self-made, self-informed, and self-directed. He is strong and decided in his opinions, liberal in his sentiments, warm in his friendships, and generous in his charities. But all these sentiments and affections must be manifested in his own time, and in accordance with his own plans and principles. His charities are regulated, and he will never give when he does not fully understand the case. He seldom refuses work to those who ask for it, devising it for the occasion when he really has none waiting, and furnishing the necessary implements to those who have none of their own. The class to which he has been accustomed to give work, chiefly of the sort requiring picks, and shovels, and garden tools, are not always of the most honest description, and he relates numerous instances in which his spades and hoes, and similar implements—saws, pickaxes, and what not—have been carried off, at the close of the day, by those to whom he had loaned them to enable them to earn what he paid them for their day's work. The chief objects of his usual charities are those utterly destitute, and the least likely to obtain assistance from any body else. He has a whimsical theory that those whom every body will help are not entitled to any aid from him, and that he will confine his donations to the worthless and wretched vagabonds that every one else turns away from. That he does not strictly adhere to the rule, however, many worthy recipients of his bounty are ready to attest. A committee of Mormons, on a begging expedition, was once sent to him by a friend, with a note intimating that, as these people were not Christians, and seemed to be abandoned by every body that professed to be, they probably came within his rule, and he could consistently assist them. He did so without hesitation.

Over his immense wine-cellars, which will presently be described, he erected a large four-story building of brick, for the accommodation of poor laborers of both sexes. The different floors are reached by separate stairs and galleries, and each is divided into fourteen good-sized apartments, suitable for a man and his family, or two or three women. These rooms are generally all occupied, and those who are unable to pay are charged no rent. The building is well known among those for whose use it was built as the barracks. Notwithstanding the really charitable design of this construction, its tenants are the most ungrateful and troublesome of any he has to deal with. They annoy him incessantly, and have frequently broken into the wine-vaults below and stolen his choicest wine.

Another of Mr. Longworth's permanent and quiet charities is the weekly distribution at his house, every Monday morning, of three to eight hundred ten-cent loaves of bread to whoever will call for them. Once, when flour was high, and the bakers reduced the size of their loaves, Mr. Longworth thought he would be doing his beneficiaries a good turn by having them made partly of rye, and thus considerably enlarging their size. His customers, however, as soon as they found it out, raised such a clamor, and called him so many disparaging names, and annoyed him so much with their threats and complaints, that he was glad to order a return to the pure wheat. No crosses and ingratitude of this kind, of which he daily encounters his share, can weary the kindness of his heart, or distress him half so much as the sight of destitution and suffering, to alleviate which is one of the most generous and unrestrained impulses of his nature. Indeed, it is the ever-present concern of his life how to save those with whom he is thrown in contact from suffering and want. To contribute to the comfort or necessity of another, no matter how utterly degraded, he will deprive himself of any personal gratification at any moment.

It was stated by one of the daily papers of Cincinnati, during the war with Mexico, that Mr. Longworth had offered a contribution of ten thousand dollars toward the pay and equipment of a company of

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, ESQ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY PORTER, OF CINCINNATI.]

RESIDENCE OF MR. LONGWORTH.

Ohio volunteers. A friend met him the following day, and congratulated him on his liberality and public spirit. "But it isn't exactly true," said Mr. Longworth; "you must first understand my proposition. I will give the ten thousand dollars, but only on condition that I have the selection of the persons that shall join the regiment; and I think I should make money by the operation."

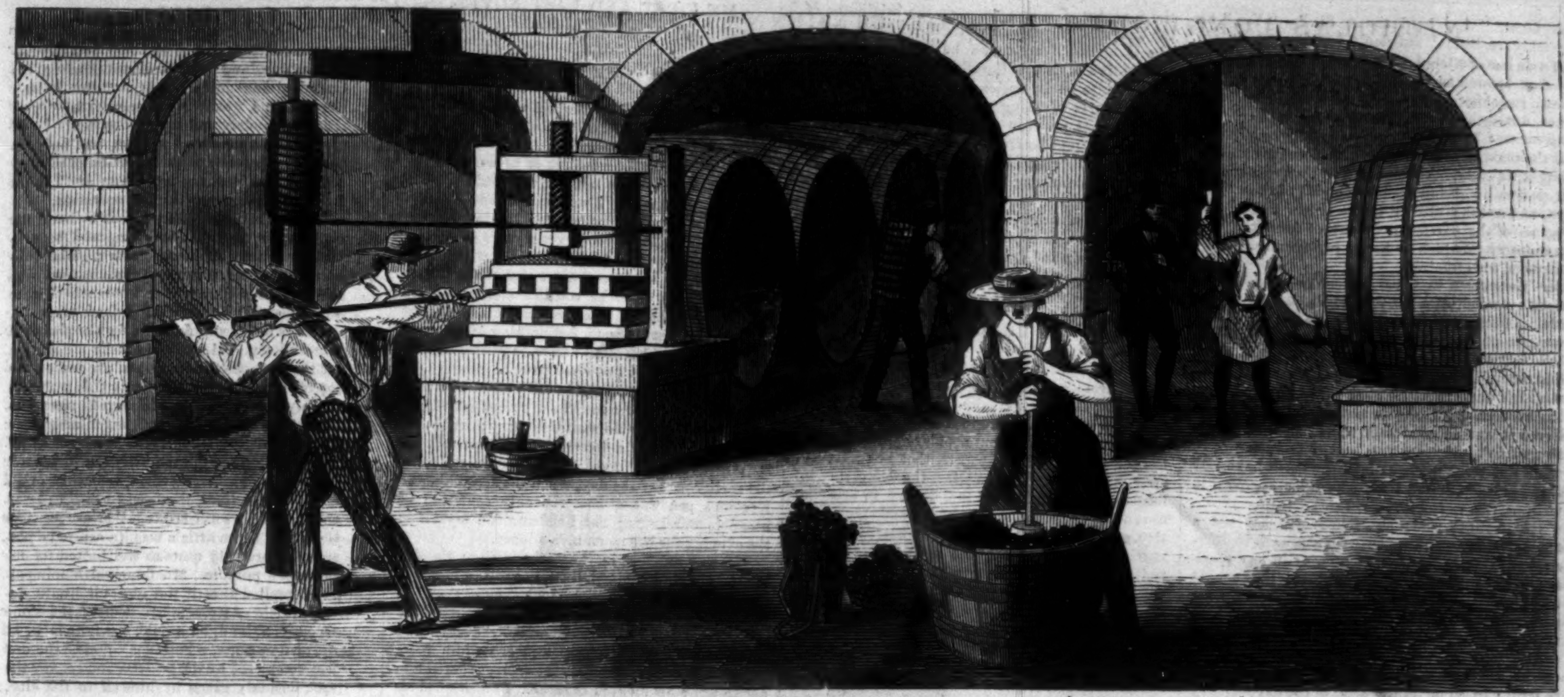
When Professor Mitchell took in hand the establishment of an Astronomical Observatory, and went about soliciting popular subscriptions for the purpose, application was made to Mr. Longworth to know whether he would part with his Mount Adams property, and on what terms, as a site for the proposed Observatory. He at once made a donation for the purpose of four acres of ground on the top of the hill, conditioned only that it should be only used for the contemplated object, forever. After the erection of the building some cynical and captious person asserted, in an article published in the Cincinnati papers, that Mr. Longworth deserved very little credit for doing a thing that served so greatly to enhance his own contiguous property. As the writer of the article was known to be possessed of property quite as well suited for observatory purposes, Mr. Longworth immediately replied that if the objector would donate to the Astronomical Society the same amount of land, he would erect upon it, at his own expense, a building equal to the one just completed by the Society, and convey the spot formerly given by himself to the city, as a place of public resort and promenade; suggesting to the writer that he might thus secure to himself all the advantages such an improvement would be to his adjacent property, and at the same time confer a lasting favor on the citizens of Cincinnati. This, of course, put an end to the discussion.

Mr. Longworth is small of stature, his height being about five feet and an inch, an evident stoop in his figure making him appear shorter than he really is. His hair, which is only partially gray, is thin, and scattered over the sides and back of his head. He was always regular and temperate in his habits, and is still vigorous and active, and gives daily personal attention to his business, spending much of his time with strings and pruning-knife in his grapery and garden. He was always a patient and willing worker, and age does not seem to reduce his activity, or weaken his interest in the labors and enjoyments of life. He answers himself all questions in relation to his vast property, and personally inspects the varied branches of his business. His maxim is, that no one who has work to do, and health and ability to do it, has any just cause of complaint; and often refers, with great satisfaction, to the time when he raised money for his own boyish expenses by selling about the streets the first newspaper published in his native town.

In all these transactions he is quick and decided, and dispatches them all in the fewest possible words; demanding equal conciseness and brevity from all who converse with him. He will not conceal his uneasiness if you annoy him with long speeches, and do not come directly to the point of your business. Until a few years since, when a stroke of disease somewhat impaired the faculty, he was possessed of a remarkably comprehensive and tenacious memory, forgetting nothing he ever knew and nothing he ever said. He repeats his quotations and tells his stories, of which he has a varied and endless store, always in the same invariable words. Of late years he finds frequent occasion to complain, when at a loss for a name or a date, that "Old Longworth is getting so forgetful." A stranger, however, would scarcely notice the defect. To aid his memory in matters relating to his business and his daily engagements, he usually carries a miscellaneous assortment of papers in the crown of his hat, and a small paper memorandum pinned upon his coat-sleeve.

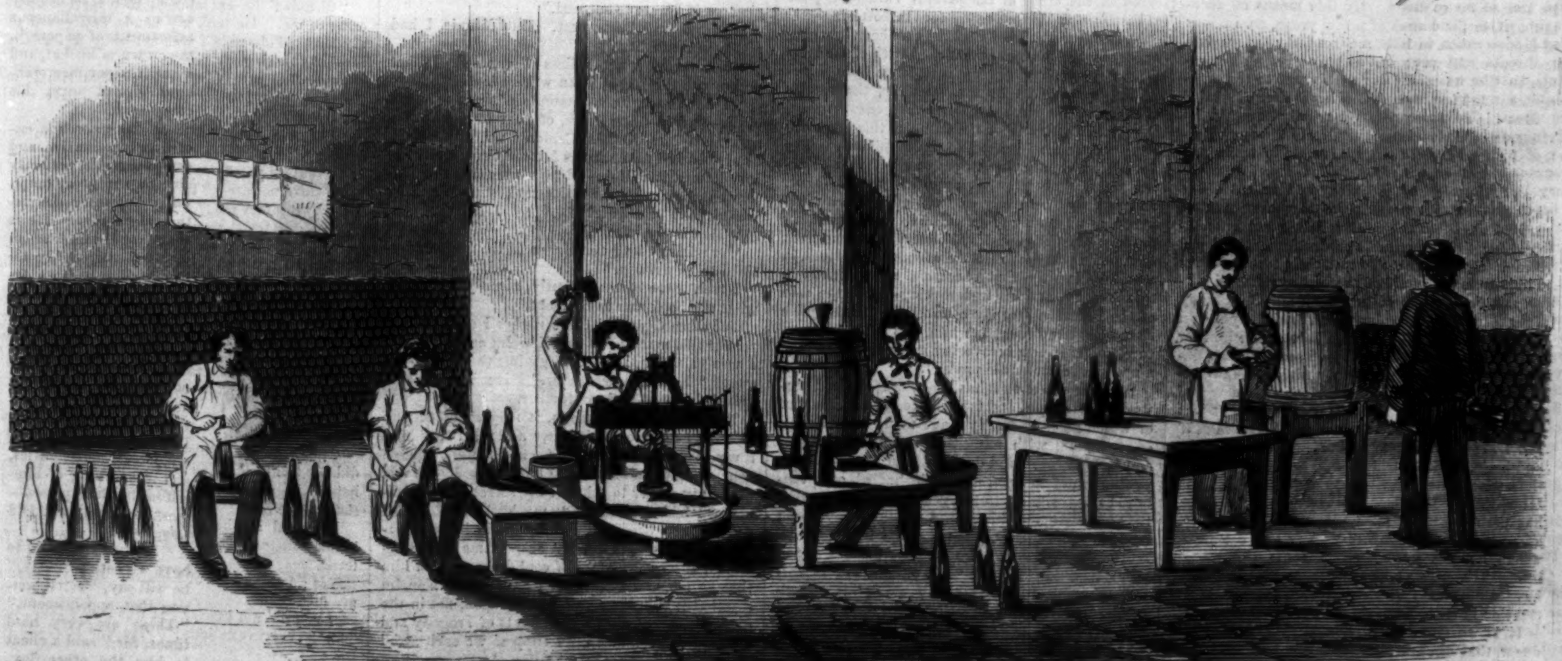
Mr. Longworth is exceedingly talkative and companionable, perfectly sincere, and in his hospitality knows no distinction of persons. He is sharp and sarcastic in repartee, thoroughly informed in his facts, facetious and cheerful in his humor, which is one of his most characteristic traits, and abounding in quizzes and anecdotes of the most enlivening and laughable description. He is particularly fond of banter, and sly, jocular personalities, and of speaking of himself in the third person—most commonly as "Old Longworth."

"Longworth ought to have a beating to-day," he will say, "for forgetting that appointment." "These are very hard times, Sir," said a client to him the other day, excusing himself for not being able to make a



MR. LONGWORTH'S WINE-CELLARS—THE WINE-PRESS.

MR. LONGWORTH'S VINEYARD, NEAR CINCINNATI.



MR. LONGWORTH'S WINE-CELLARS—CORKING THE BOTTLES.

payment, "very hard times, Sir." "Yes," he quickly replied; "but don't you know they are just as hard for Old Longworth as any body else?" A man applied to him not long since for two hundred and fifty dollars, to aid him in making a working model of a new machine he had invented, which was to perform unheard-of wonders. "I don't know any thing about your machine," said Mr. Longworth, "but I will give you the money if you will bring me the testimony of three competent persons of this city that it will do what you say it will." Mr. Longworth then named several persons whose approval would be satisfactory, and the man went off. The next day he returned with the information that Mr. G——, one of the gentlemen named by Mr. Longworth, and one of the first machinists of the city, had examined his invention, and pronounced it fully equal to all he had claimed for it. "I don't know how to believe that story," said Mr. Longworth; "for Mr. G—— wouldn't have recommended your machine unless he had believed what you said of it; and if he believed it was as good a thing as you said it was, he wouldn't have sent you back to Old Longworth at all; he wouldn't have let Longworth have any thing to do with it. I must have his approval in writing, Sir, or it won't answer."

Of personal pride Mr. Longworth has not a trace. It is to him a matter of thorough indifference whether his clothes are new or in any possible resemblance to style and fit; and if they should be somewhat overworn, or soiled by labor in his garden, or here and there torn a bit, it is to him no matter. He may, when the dilapidation is a little excessive, and the company more elegant than he expected, get off a sly joke or two about his appearance in such fashionable company, and say that his wife would scold him for not brushing up a little when he was going out among gentlemen; but he will feel not the slightest personal concern about it, and the very consciousness of it will pass away with the quizzical smile with which his apology will be accompanied. He boasts of being a Democrat in the strict technical meaning of the term. "You have never," said one to him while passing the fine façade of the new Opera House, "you have never interested yourself, Mr. Longworth, in elegant blocks and costly buildings?" "No, Sir," he replied; "I have had too much to do putting up houses for the Democrats; the aristocrats can put up their own." His own house is a plain but capacious and home-looking building, and its fine locality and beautiful garden and surrounding grounds render it the most popularly attractive spot in the city. As "Mr. Longworth's Garden" it is known throughout the Western country; and it is freely used, by citizens and strangers, as a place of visit and promenade. In it are several fine conservatories, well filled with exotic and rare plants, a grape-house for foreign vines, and an experimental forcing-house for new varieties of strawberries and other plants. In one of the hot-houses is a large basin, in which is growing a fine specimen of the Victoria Regia. A cactus-house, containing the largest collection of cacti in the United States, was destroyed by fire a few years ago.

Mr. Longworth is a native of Newark, New Jersey. After making a trial of mercantile business in the State of South Carolina for a couple of years, he went, in 1804, the year of his majority, to Cincinnati, and entered the office of Judge Jacob Burnet as a law student. He pursued his studies about six months, and then dashed into the practice of his hastily acquired profession in the rough and irregular way peculiar to that primitive period. He foresaw, at an early period of his residence in the West, the future greatness of the then insignificant village of Cincinnati; and though unsustained in his opinions by those of his fellow-settlers in the new community, took advantage of their unbelief, and began a series of systematic investment of every thing he could make by his services as lawyer and land-agent in the well-wooded acres surrounding the original clearing of Fort Washington and Losantiville. He bought for trifling sums whatever was rejected by every body else, and thus acquired the title, which he retains to this day, to some of the most valuable portions of the present city and its immediate suburbs. By this means he accumulated, in the course of a few years, an amount of property that, in 1830, rendered him the wealthiest man of the city; and he then gave up his profession that he might devote himself to the management and improvement of his estate.

But his attention was not wholly occupied by the care of his real property. He always manifested a fondness for the cultivation of fruits and flowers, and at an early period astonished the Western people by the beauty and extent of his garden. He took much pains to gather from all parts of the West the most valuable and interesting of our native vegetable productions, and placed them in circumstances to test their susceptibility to improvement by aid of the best systems of garden and green-house culture then known. Many of our beautiful native plants, now familiarly known as favorite florists' flowers, are indebted to him for their introduction into cultivated society, their native home being the forests and prairies of the Western States. He was always curious after new and interesting things of Nature's producing. It was the remark of an old citizen of Cincinnati that, if Mr. Longworth was to be suddenly thrown, neck and heels, into the Ohio River, he would come to the surface with a new variety of fish in each hand. His chief interest in horticultural matters, however, has been expended upon the strawberry and the grape. The perfection of variety and culture to which he has, by his experiments and labors, brought these two important fruits of the country, have established their extensive and systematic cultivation in all parts of the West.

It is with the grape, however, as a wine producer, that Mr. Longworth's labors have been most assiduous and most successful; and, with a notice of his operations in this regard, we shall close our present sketch. It will not, of course, be inferred from what we have said that Mr. Longworth is the inventor of native wine, or the originator of the Catawba grape, from which it is chiefly made. The Catawba, it must now be generally known, is a native of North Carolina, having been first brought into public notice as a wine-grape by Major Adlum, of Washington; and the knowledge of the fact that wine, in an experimental way, had been made from its fruit, induced Mr. Longworth to enter systematically upon its cultivation, and to take measures for manufacturing the wine on a scale extensive enough to encourage the establishment of numerous vineyards, and to afford a market on his own premises for all the Must that could be made and delivered to him in a circuit of fifty miles. At the same time he offered a reward of five hundred dollars to whoever should discover a better variety. It proved a great stimulus to the growth of the Catawba vine in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, to know that a man of Mr. Longworth's means stood ready to pay cash, at the rate of from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a gallon, for all the grape juice that might be brought to him, without reference to the quantity. It was in this way, and by urgent popular appeals through the columns of the newspapers, that he succeeded, after many failures, and against the depressing influence of much doubt and indifference, in bringing the enterprise up to its present high and staple position. When he took the matter in hand there was much to discourage any one not possessed of the traits of constancy of purpose and perseverance peculiar to Mr. Longworth. Many had tried the manufacture of wine, and had failed to give it any economical or commercial importance. It was not believed, until Mr. Longworth practically demonstrated it, after many long and patient trials of many valued varieties from France and Madeira, none of which gave any promise of success, that a native grape was the only one upon which any hope could be placed, and that of the native grapes, of which he had experimented upon every known variety, the Catawba offered the most assured promise of success, and was the one upon which all vine-growers might with confidence depend. It took years of unremitted care, multiplied and wide-spread investigations, and the expenditure of large sums of money, to establish this fact, and bring the agricultural community to accept it and act under its guidance. The success attained by Mr. Longworth soon induced other gentlemen resident in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and favorably situated for the purpose, to undertake the culture of the Catawba, and several of them are now regularly and extensively engaged in the manufacture of wine. The impetus and encouragement thus given to the business soon led the German citizens of Hamilton County to perceive its advantages, and under their thrifty management thousands of acres, stretching up from the banks of the Ohio, are now covered with luxuriant and profitable vineyards, rivaling in profusion and beauty the vine-clad hills of Italy and France. The oldest vineyard in the County of Hamilton is of Mr. Longworth's planting. The annual product of these vineyards may be set down at between five and six hundred thousand gallons, worth at present from one and a half to two dollars a gallon; but the price, owing to the rapidity of the consumption, will probably advance rather than decline. It is the prophecy of Mr. Flagg, Mr. Longworth's son-in-law, the gentleman who has charge of the commercial department of his wine business, that, in the course of comparatively few years, the annual product of the Sparkling Catawba will be counted by millions of bottles, while that of the still sorts will be estimated by its millions of gallons. Mr. Longworth alone bottles annually over 150,000 bottles, and has now in his cellars a ripening stock of 300,000 bottles. These cellars are situated on the declivity of East Sixth Street on the road to Observatory Hill. They occupy a space ninety feet by one hundred and twenty-five, and consist of two tiers of massive stone vaults, the lower of which is twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. Here are carried on all the various processes of wine-making, the mashing, pressing, fining, racking, bottling, labeling, and boxing; and beneath the arches and along the walls are the wine butts, arranged and numbered in the order of the several vintages; piles of bottles stand about, ready for the bottlers.

Mr. Longworth has for some years been laboring to encourage the more extended growth of the Herbemont grape, having great confidence in its wine-making qualities. So far, however, the results of these efforts have not been very encouraging, though his estimate of the value of this grape for wine purposes still remains undiminished. The Isabella, which in the earlier years of vine-growing was largely planted, soon fell into disfavor, and was very generally cast out of Western vineyards, as unworthy of attention as a wine-making grape. Mr. Longworth's discovery of its excellent qualities in the manufacture of sparkling wines, in which he was the first successful experimenter in this country, and his undertaking—as in the case of the Catawba—to pay cash for all the raw juice that should be brought to him, has rallied its culture, and it is now recovering its good standing as a useful and profitable product.

Another object that has long engaged Mr. Longworth's attention, and toward the accomplishment of which he has already made many encouraging experiments, with numerous varieties of native and hybrid black and dark-skinned grapes, is the production of an agreeable, light-bodied, cool, tonic red wine, similar to the genuine Burgundy and the pure clarets of Europe. Red wines have been made in this country, but none that have fulfilled all the required conditions, or that promise much economical importance. Mr. Longworth is still extending his inquiries, and pushing his experiments, in full confidence that this desirable end will yet be attained; and still prophesies the day when a profitable, palatable, and wholesome red wine will be added to the native products of the Mississippi Valley; completely verifying the poetic and cheerful vision of Mr. Flagg, Mr. Longworth's friend and assistant.

MY FIRST AND LAST NOVEL.

PART I.

You asked me once if I had ever had a secret from my husband.

Answering "Yes," I promised some day to tell you all about it: I will do so now.

When we were first married, and for a time afterward, we were poor; neither of us were used to poverty. I was the youngest, and had been the pet, of a large family; I was inexperienced in every way, and somewhat spoiled by indulgence. Kenelm, my husband, was several years older than his little wife; he was good, grave, and wise; there was something in his character that made people afraid of him; when he courted me, my sisters held him in awe; yet, strangely enough, I, coward as I was in most respects, felt nothing of this awe till afterward, but treated him with girlish audacity and tyranny. I knew my power.

I must not allow myself to tell you of our happiness during the first months after our marriage; that has nothing to do with this story; for then I had not the ghost of a secret from my husband. It is true that I was forced to be very quiet during the earlier part of the day, when the scratching of Kenelm's pen was almost the only sound to be heard in our house; but I indemnified myself in the evening for the morning's silence.

We had married in the early spring; the following winter Kenelm fell ill, very ill. Necessarily his illness increased our expenses; and I, without any regard to cost, or any thought of whose labor must pay for all, procured every thing that I fancied might please him or do him good. When he was convalescent, the doctor ordered him not to write for months to come. I understood his smile as he listened to this decree; it smote me with sharp, sudden pain; I remember I ran away to weep.

"I must write, my child; we are in debt—we want money." This was all his answer to my tearful remonstrance, when long, long before he was strong, I saw him settle down to work.

For the first time I shrank away from his mild glance; for the first time the deep tenderness of his tone sounded to me as a reproach.

I went from his study into the garden. It was spring; but I paid no heed to the loveliness of the sunny morning. To-day I was too miserable to weep, for the first time in my life perhaps. I stood, leaning my head against a tree, absorbed in self-reproachful thought—knowing, for the first time, how dreadful a thing it was to want money.

I had one friend living near; she had been Kenelm's friend for years and years, but now she was especially mine. It chanced that she passed our gate that morning, and, seeing me, came in for a few moments.

"You, Minnie, of all women in the world, to look upon this sweet day with so sad a face! What ails you, dear? Kenelm is getting well."

"But he will be ill again. The doctor says he should have change and perfect rest, and—he is at work. I have been extravagant—we want money." She was grave immediately.

"Poor dear!" she said; "no wonder you are not merry. Oh, that money!" She softly stroked my hand, and fell into meditative silence.

Presently she cried, quite abruptly, "Minnie, you shall write a novel!"

I started, and blushed as if she had proposed to me to commit a crime.

"Yes," she repeated, "you shall write a novel. I have a little leisure—nothing else, alas!—at your service. You write; I will revise and manage all besides."

"But—Kenelm—"

"Would he not like it? Ah! perhaps not. I had forgotten. Good, almost perfect as he is, he has his prejudices."

"But if I could write a book! If I could earn enough money to take him to the sea-side—I would risk the rest. I will not be afraid; I will try and write a novel; only he shall never know unless I succeed."

"Is it well to have a secret from your husband?"

"Just this one. I must try. It would be so glorious if I were to succeed."

"You should know best. But, Minnie, I had rather you told him."

"No, no, no; not unless I succeed. What makes you think that I can write a book?"

"I have seen little attempts of yours—do not blush—and bits, only bits, of your letters to Kenelm. If Mrs. Kenelm Cameron writes her book as simply and fervently as Minnie Grey wrote her love-letters, it will do—always provided that, before she begins it, she quite makes up her mind what it is to be about."

"That is the puzzle."

"It will not long remain so, if the book is destined to be written."

I took leave of her absently, already pondering what my book was to be about.

For three days and three nights I continued to ponder this matter. When Kenelm asked of what I was thinking, I blushed, giving the stupid answer, "Nothing particular." He looked surprised, but said nothing further.

Now, in all that follows, it may seem to you that if I had given the matter a playful turn, and if my husband had trusted me as he ought to have done, no unhappiness would have ensued. It was not in my power to think of my secret lightly—directly I had a secret from my husband, I turned coward, and became morbidly timid in his presence. And he—he did not suspect me of wrongdoing; it was my want of confidence toward him that he mourned. I think I have heard Kenelm say that it is in the natures acted upon, not in the acts themselves, that the elements of Tragedy and Comedy are contained. I suppose we each acted as it was our nature to act.

When those three days and nights of meditation had proved fruitless, I drowned my hope in tears. I had found no subject of which I felt competent to treat, no cause to advocate, and I utterly despaired.

A day or two afterward an acquaintance sent us tickets for a concert: in the evening she called for us. My husband was not well enough to go—I hated to go without him; but he sent me, because he thought that I was beginning to pine in a too quiet life. I felt very ungrateful toward the friend who carried me off so sorely against my will.

It was a "classical" concert of instrumental music: I loved such music. Yet by-and-by I found that I was not listening to it. I was writing—nay, rather contemplating—my book! It did not suggest itself to me bit by bit, but I seemed to grasp it all—plot, purpose, incident—at once. I literally hugged myself under cover of my little white cloak, and said, "This will do."

I let myself into the house. I had made Kenelm promise not to sit up, and had ordered Ann to go to bed. How glad I was of this!

The lamp and the fire burned in the parlor, and the little supper-tray stood ready.

I had made no noise. I stole up to my room, found Kenelm asleep, looking very wan and worn; I bent down and kissed him lightly, then ran away.

In the parlor I sat down to write, and I wrote—hour after hour. When the lamp went out, I looked up in consternation—it was growing light.

Very carefully I gathered together my precious sheets; I put them within a book (a cookery-book, I remember), and hid that at the bottom of my work-table. I crept to bed cold, tired, and happy, but did not fall asleep till broad daylight.

When I woke, Kenelm stood by my bedside with my breakfast upon a tray. "Is it late?" I asked, starting up.

"Nearly eleven, love."

How I was to manage to write in the day-time, was the problem that occupied me while I dressed. We had an unfurnished room in our house. I was soon locked into that. I spread my paper on a box, a box that had gone with us on our wedding journey, and crouched upon the floor to write. I left off just in time to prepare for dinner—to smoothe my hair, dip my hot brow in water, and wash the ink-stains off my fingers.

"I wanted you to stitch up my manuscript, Minnie," Kenelm said; "but as I didn't find you in the house, I contrived to do it myself. I suppose you have been working in the garden—too hard, I think; you look flushed."

"My face is rather hot. Now, where shall we walk this evening?" I asked, and began to talk hurriedly of primroses, violets, blue-bells, and the probability of our finding them in the fields around.

That was an exquisite evening. As we wandered about the lanes and meadows, Kenelm sometimes leaned on me, I sometimes on him; and I said to myself, "So it should be in life; why should my husband work always, and I sit idle all my days?"

Kenelm told me next day that he must go into town, and should not get home till evening. He had not incurred this fatigue since his illness, and was not fit for it. I did not think of this then; I did not offer to go for him, or beg to go with him; I thought joyfully of the long day before me. He left home at ten, to return at seven.

I told Ann to say that I was engaged if any one should call, and I locked myself into the empty chamber. I uttered a cry of joy as I began my work—I had such delight in it.

I left off to pretend to dine, but I had no appetite, and soon recommenced.

Toward the end of the afternoon I found I could go on no longer. My temples burned, and yet I felt as if numbed by excessive cold, and my head began to ache intensely.

Kenelm was late; it was getting dusky when he came, and I shunned what little light there was. He was tired, and after tea lay upon the couch; I sat beside him on a low seat, and rested my aching head on his breast.

By-and-by Ann came in with the lamp, and then Kenelm asked me to read to him. I rose with some difficulty, I felt so weak and weary. Unwittingly I turned my face full to the light as I opened the new book he had brought home, and his eyes were upon me as they generally were, as I had formerly loved to have them.

"Minnie!" he exclaimed; then started up and came to me. He took my hands, and gazed into my face. This time I was not sorry to feel thick blushes covering my pallor.

Somewhat pettishly I cried, "You startle me, Kenelm," and I tried to turn away. He would not let me.

"You look wretchedly ill, Minnie. You have been crying much again—so soon! What is it that troubles you? My poor child must tell me!"

"I have nothing to tell you. You are foolish—nothing troubles me!" But he continued to gaze at me so tenderly, so sorrowfully, that I could not bear it. To convince him that nothing was the matter, I burst into tears and sobbed upon his bosom, for he folded me in his arms.

I thought that all was over—that my secret would out, or my heart would break; but he questioned me no more; only soothed and caressed me.

Next morning I rejoiced that my secret was still in my keeping.

When I went down into the parlor Kenelm held a visiting-card in his hand, at which he was looking with surprise.

"My friend Ashtower here yesterday, and you did not tell me! You asked him to come again, I hope? You are well aware that I have long desired to see him."

I paused at the door, with a face expressing blank consternation. "I—did not know," I faltered.

Yes; I was afraid of Kenelm. His eyes perused my face keenly.

"You did not know? It was Ann's fault, then. This is very vexatious!" He was about to ring the bell.

"Stay!" I cried; "it was not her fault. I told her, if any body came, to say I was engaged. Of course she did not know that I would have seen

your friend! Till this moment I did not know he had been here."

"And why, my dear wife, would you see nobody yesterday?"

"Don't say 'my dear wife' in that horrid way. I suppose I was not in the humor for company, as you had left me alone!" I took refuge in a kind of petulant naughtiness, pouted, and made an unnecessary noise with the cups and saucers.

My husband did not speak for some time. Then he said, with a measured mildness that I well understood, "I think, Minnie, that you owe me some slight explanation. I trust that your good sense will lead you to offer me such. As I am confident that my wife can not act in a way of which she has need to be ashamed, I do not understand her having any mystery."

I had heard people say that sometimes my husband appeared to hide an iron hand beneath a velvet glove. I recalled the saying now, and asked myself indignantly if he meant to make me feel the smooth inflexibility of his character. I was angry with him.

I offered no word of apology, but remained silent. I could not eat; the first mouthful seemed like to choke me. This made me seem all the more sullen.

No wonder that my noble, high-minded husband looked grieved to the heart at such signs of childish perversity.

When, after breakfast, I sought the bare room, and locked myself in, I trembled, taking home the moral that was evolving, without conscious effort of mine, from the story which I had called "A Wife's Secret."

I felt the possibility of my little troubles deepening and widening terribly. I cried, passionately, "I will persevere; but I must finish soon—I can not bear this long."

I had taken it for granted that Kenelm had work to do; but when I had slipped down stairs, just before dinner-time, I saw him lying on our little lawn, a book beside him.

"He is angry," I thought. "This is the first holiday on which he has done without me."

There was surely no tedious lingering by the way in my book. I wrote in desperate haste to have finished it.

PART II.

WITH Kenelm's many letters one morning came a letter for me. I received it from him, and blushed as I slipped it into my apron pocket. It was from my friend in answer to a note I had sent her about my book.

By this time I had become morbidly nervous. I was haunted by a vague sense of wrong-doing, and a dread of being driven to tell a direct falsehood. I had had more than one terrible alarm of detection.

After pocketing my letter I carefully avoided looking toward my husband.

"Read this, Minnie," he said, presently, putting one of the letters he had received before me.

I obeyed.

"What shall you do, Kenelm? Shall you go?" I asked, when I had finished. It was from one of my husband's brothers, begging his mediation with the stern old father, who had been bitterly offended—how, does not concern my story.

"Shall WE go, you surely mean, Minnie?"

I drooped my head; my work was nearly completed; it would be dreadful to me to leave it now. We had been so estranged lately, my longing to have done with this and every secret was very great; if I were left alone a day or two, it could be safely completed.

"Perhaps you are right, and I ought to go alone," Kenelm said, after a painful silence.

"I think you should. It is an expensive journey; your father does not like me, and"—

"I had rather my wife had been thus eager that we should not separate. You have prudence on your side, but—you are changed, Mary." He rose as he spoke.

"Do not say I am changed! Do not speak so! I can not bear it!" I spoke passionately. He came to my side, sat down by me, and took my hand.

"If I am to be of any use, I should go to-day—at once," he began. "The last few weeks, Minnie, something has divided us. Shall we not be one again before we part?"

I was silent; I did not raise my eyes. Perhaps in the struggle to appear unmoved I looked obstinate and cross, for Kenelm's tone changed.

"That letter—remember, Mary, that I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; it is simply your want of confidence that I deplore."

"Suspect me of wrong, indeed!" I cried, again taking refuge in that petulant unreasonableness which baffles men sorely. "It is you, Kenelm, who have no confidence in me! You treat your wife as if she were a mere child."

"If the time is gone by when she loved to be so treated—when she made me her conscience and hid nothing from me—I must painfully learn how this changed wife desires that I should treat her."

It was only by looking back afterward that I could understand how much change he found in me—how many signs he saw that my thoughts were not all, or even chiefly, his—besides reading that in my often abstracted face. Many of my little duties were neglected, or performed by Ann; many minute cares for Kenelm omitted during those feverish weeks.

As I packed my husband's clothes I shed some tears over them. When he was actually gone, after a most painfully calm leave-taking, I felt utterly miserable; I spent the day between crying and sleeping, and only thought of my book with disgust and loathing.

Next morning brought me a cordial—a few kind lines from Kenelm, written the night before, from the resting-place which was half-way toward his journey's end.

Having further stimulated my courage by reperusing my friend's note, which told me of the favorable arrangements she hoped to make for the publication of my book, I set to work.

The misery of my heroine was approaching its climax; I was one with her, shaken by her fears, torn by her passions, transported by her hope.

Highly-wrought excitement kept me up. While Kenelm was away, I did not go beyond the garden; I could not eat, and I hardly slept.

One night—I had heard Ann go to bed long before, and there was no sound or stir in the silent house—my self-possession, my sense of my own identity altogether failed me.

I crouched upon the bare floor in the bare room. I struggled to separate myself from the woes into which I had plunged "the wife" of my imagination. I could not—intense emotion overpowered me. Sick with anguish, I cried out, "Husband, husband! Good God! this is more than I can bear!"

I covered my face; that cry had startled me back to myself, and great terror came over me; I had always been timid of night and darkness.

As I continued to crouch there, covering my face, it seemed to me that something stirred in the room, that chill breath fanned my neck and arms. I raised my head, seeking light.

My candle had burned out; I was alone in stirring darkness—the thick darkness of a close-shuttered room. I strained my eyes into it; I seemed chained to the spot.

Suddenly my excited fancy made my husband present to me, standing in the middle of the room, regarding me. He was pale; his expression was reproachful, his form spectral.

I spread out my arms toward him; my senses failed me, my last consciousness being of a blow and a flash of pain.

Daylight was streaming through all cracks and crevices when I recovered. I found myself lying with my face upon the floor. I sat up with difficulty, and turned sick and dizzy when I saw a pool of blood close to where my face had lain. By-and-by I managed to get to my bedroom, and, after washing my stained brow, discovered a small but deep wound on my temple. I had fallen against a sharp iron-bound corner of the box which I had used as a desk.

I did not distinctly recall what had frightened me. I felt terribly weak, and lay on my bed quite still for several hours. Then I rang and ordered Ann to bring me some coffee into my room. My window was darkened, and she seemed to notice nothing particular in my appearance. I told her I was not very well, and did not wish to be disturbed.

The hot, strong coffee revived me wonderfully, and my thoughts returned to my all but finished work.

My book was not to be a Tragedy; it was to end quietly, peacefully, perfectly, as a beautiful summer-day. I laughed softly over the happiness of this summery ending, and the tears rained from my eyes. I sat close to the open window on that lovely day, in a deliciously subdued and sympathetic mood, and wrote my blissful concluding chapters.

With one brief interruption only I continued to write till late in the afternoon. I no longer wrote with haste and passion, but, as I remember, with a quiet sense of perfect power.

I had finished. I said "Thank God!"

My heroine was happy now, and my heart craved like happiness clamorously. "Make haste and come home, Kenelm!" I cried.

I went down stairs to hunt for string, wax, and stamps; my book must be immediately sent off.

On my work-table lay a letter from my husband. How long had it lain there unopened? I pressed it to my lips and to my bosom before I read it.

It said he would be home this evening! What happiness! This evening at seven, it said; what time could it be now?

Even as I wondered, our clock struck—seven.

There I stood in my loose, tumbled white dressing-gown, my hair wildly disordered, my hands stained with ink, and my cheeks with tears. I could not move; it was like a dreadful nightmare dream.

My head began to ache maddeningly. I thought how none of my intended preparations for Kenelm's return were made; and I—was I fit to meet him? I pressed my hand upon my brow; unwittingly I displaced the plaster upon my wound, from which the blood began again to trickle.

I would have given years of life to recall one hour then.

I heard the garden-gate. I saw Kenelm come up the path, and still I could not move.

The room-door opened and admitted my husband.

He paused in sad amazement.

His face was like the face I had seen in my vision, which now vividly returned to me. I tried to believe this was a vision too. His form seemed to waver and flicker, and a black gulf opened at my feet.

Both my husband and Ann were standing over me when I regained consciousness; when I raised myself on the couch Ann disappeared.

"I am so sorry—so grieved," I began; "I did not expect you yet. I had only just read your letter, and—"

"Do not talk now—rest, love. Was this just done?"

"No; I struck my head last night, and—"

"My poor wounded darling!"

My husband made me go to bed early. He read to me till he thought I was asleep; then I knew that he prayed by me before he went away. How I longed to clasp him round the neck and tell him all my secret, but I was afraid and ashamed.

When I had heard him go down stairs and shut the parlor-door behind him, I sprang up. My Blue-beard chamber was unlocked; all my papers lay about the floor!

I secured the key, but, as I got into bed again, it fell from my trembling fingers. I regained it. The noise had disturbed Kenelm. I heard him coming, and buried my face in my pillow. As I clasped the key I renewed my fervent vows never again to have a secret.

"Minnie, my wife, it is you who want change now," he said, next day. "You look ill, and you must be very weak to have been so much disturbed as you were yesterday, merely by my sudden arrival. Would you like to go home for a little while?"

"Oh Kenelm! so much!" I know that my face kindled brightly; for indeed I longed after them all, and thought that it would be a delicious rest to be at home with him.

"Poor child! I thought you would like it. So you have pined for home, Minnie?"

"You shall not say that. This is my home. I will not go to my father's if you say such things."

"Well, well! do not believe I reproach you, darling. We will part in peace."

"Part?"

"I think it will be as well that you should go soon; for a few weeks I must work very hard, and shall be even duller company than ever."

"Do you think I will go home alone? Oh, Kenelm, what does this mean?"

"That is what I can not tell," he said. "But I know that you are neither well nor happy; I know that our poverty has pressed its privations upon you; I know that you pine in your dull life here—"

"What more do you know?" I asked, defiantly.

He answered with mild, even-toned voice, but absolutely hurting me by the urgent pressure of his gaze, "I know that in some sad way—by my own fault, it may be—I have lost my wife's confidence; I also know that this is *not* one of the things I will learn to do without."

"What more, Sir?" I demanded, hotly.

"That is all. When you are at home, Minnie, and I am alone again for a little while, we may each be able to find out in what, and how far, we have erred, and then be able to begin our married life afresh."

He spoke as if such serious danger impended—as if such utter ruin threatened our peace—that I shuddered; but he spoke, too, as if he forgot all the happy, happy months when I had been a devoted and contented wife, and only remembered the last few weeks. This made me angry; it was unjust! He was exaggerating every thing!

"I will not go home unless you command me, and I am your wife, whom you have no right to send away. You are cruel and unjust!"

"Am I so? We were not talking of rights; I was planning for your happiness, but indeed I work in the dark. I do not see why you should call me cruel and unjust. Again I repeat, I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; your having a secret from me, and the obstinacy with which you keep it, is my only ground of displeasure. It may be that my own character is alone to blame; that I am too stern; but I have hoped that my wife loved me too well to fear me."

"She does! Oh, Kenelm, she does!" I sprang after him as he turned sadly away. But then my looks belied my words; the key of the Blue-beard chamber fell from my dress, and I stopped, the picture of guilty confusion.

He picked it up. "This is not the first time you have let it fall," he said, as he gave it me.

Then he knew that my last night's sleep had been feigned. It hardened my heart to think how deceitful he must believe me to be, and to remember the innocent, holy motive of all this long concealment.

Kenelm went to his study, as I imagined, shutting himself in there for the morning.

I felt utterly reckless. Unknown to myself, a desire for revenge was beginning to mingle with the other motives that determined me to persevere to the end. I thought that the lower I now sank in my husband's esteem the higher should I rise by-and-by when he knew all—when my hour of triumph came.

Once more I locked myself into the empty room. I packed up my manuscript, addressed it to my friend, and wrote a note to accompany it, passionately entreating her to let me hear soon—to do every thing quickly. Then I put on my bonnet and shawl, hid my precious roll under my arm, and set off for the post-office.

As I walked hurriedly along beneath the limes in our lane, and then through suburban streets, my thoughts were quite engrossed in planning for the disposal of the fairy fortune my book was to bring me. Suddenly I swerved aside and turned a sharp corner; in another moment I should have met my husband, whom I had believed to be safe at home. Had he seen me? I thought not. I had disappeared before the abstraction of his look had cleared to recognition.

I made a little circuit—accomplished my purpose, and turned homeward.

My heart sank when I saw my husband pacing up and down beneath the limes. He had seen me, then, and was now waiting for me. The limes were in full blossom; their scent now always takes me back to that afternoon.

When I met Kenelm's eyes, and noted the pinched expression which repressed excitement had given to lip and nostril, I braced myself up for my last and worst ordeal.

He did not speak. He locked my hand under his arm, taking me into custody. He led me into the house, seated me in a chair in his study, then released my hand, and stood opposite to me. I noticed that the hand he leaned upon the table quivered. I was sorry; I feared he would do himself harm; but when I raised my eyes to his, his air of judicial sternness had a strange effect upon my nerves. I laughed uncontrollably. Just think how that laugh must have broken upon his highly-wrought excitement and grievous distress!

I fancy that any man less noble than my husband would have struck me. There was intense pain and anger in his eyes—still I laughed my insulting, unnatural laugh. He left me.

I threw myself on the ground, rested my head on Kenelm's footstool, and cried myself to sleep. I suppose I was thoroughly worn out, I must have slept many hours. It was dusk when the opening of the hall door and my husband's step in the passage roused me. I heard him enter every room in the house before he came into the study; this, and my not detecting the sound of a turning of a key, staggered me in my belief that I had been locked in; but I would not think that I had been a voluntary prisoner all this while.

My husband could not see me when he entered. He peered about, then hastened to the open window. "Good God! she has jumped out," he cried.

"I am here, Kenelm!" I said, rising.

"You have been here all the time I have been away?"

"I believe I fell asleep."

"Tea is waiting in the parlor—will you make it?"

I followed him. I noticed upon how haggard a face the lamp shone; but his manner was cold and repressed tenderness. He broke a painful silence by saying:

"Mary! I have made arrangements for your going home to-morrow."

An angry refusal to go rose to my lips. I repressed it.

"It is well you should let me know on what plea you send me away."

"The scene of this afternoon taught me that we can not live together, feeling as we now do toward each other. I will not risk again feeling toward my wife as I did when you laughed but now. In your absence, I will earnestly strive to discover where I have been wrong in my conduct as a husband."

My heart was ready to break when next day I was whirled away from my husband, who stood on the platform gazing after us. Regardless of all lookers-on, I gave way to a great burst of weeping, hiding my face on my sister's shoulder. . . . .

At last my book was ready, and I received, through my friend, what I considered a very large sum, as part payment for the work.

My family had reason to think me suddenly demented. Home, home, home! I cried. I insisted on departing the very morning on which I received my friend's letter, only promising to give them an explanation of my strange conduct before long.

Completely roused from my torpidity now, my longing for Kenelm and home was intense. I would travel alone, too; I had planned a meeting of which I could endure no witness.

Leaving my luggage at the station, I walked homeward across well-known fields. But the nearer I approached, the more my courage failed me. It was bright early afternoon; but there seemed to me something eerie in the wind that swept the sun-steeped fields. If Kenelm should be ill!

I paused at the garden gate; the parlor blind was down; I saw no sign of life about the house. I paused longer yet before I could bring myself to open the house door.

My heart stood still when I knocked at the door of my husband's study; then it beat again so violently that I lost the sound of his listless "Come in." I waited. A slow heavy step crossed the room—my husband stood before me.

"Minnie! my darling! Come back to me of her own accord?" He opened his arms wide. I did not spring to him. I had lost all buoyancy of spirit now—all expectation of rapture. Triumph indeed! In what? In the sorrow-stricken, weighed-down aspect of my husband?

"Yes, Kenelm, I am come back," I answered soberly. I stood before him, feeling very guilty and ashamed. "You must hear all now," I continued. "It was for this." I put a bundle of bank-notes into his hand.

"My child, I do not understand." He turned them over with a perplexed air.

Tearfully and hurriedly I told him all.

When I paused, and in my dreaming had planned that I should be clasped in his arms, and hear his exclamations of delight and gratitude, he still did not seem quite to understand. Presently he dropped the notes and hid his face.

I shivered. Where was my beautiful triumph? I had suffered and made him suffer so much—for what?

I sank down at his feet—I laid my cheek against him, and said, "Kenelm, was I very wrong? Can not you forgive me?"

"Minnie! I shall never forgive myself." He raised me up and kissed me many times. "This is the pain of poverty indeed; that for these, or such as these, you should suffer as you have done. My darling! how could you do it? How could you endure so long? How could you let me treat you so sternly? Dearest! these were not worth your pain!"

I saw it clearly now: I had burdened him with remorse, overwhelmed him with self-reproach! I, his wife, had irreparably injured him. And when I prayed for forgiveness, he only begged me to forgive him!

With those notes, for which I had worked and endured, lying at our feet, we made a new marriage-compact of mutual confidence and forbearance.

Ah! but I did earn a holiday for Kenelm! I was very ill after that evening of my "triumph." When I grew better, my husband took me to a beautiful little nook by the sea-side; there we had a sweet long rest from all the weariness of our world.

I do not think that Kenelm understood his little wife's nature the less for having read her book; and, when he had grown accustomed to the marvelous fact of its existence, I even fancied that I sometimes detected just a little lurking pride in his eyes and about the corners of his mouth, when people, in our presence, spoke of "A Wife's Secret." At such times I only cared to hide my confusion. Even now, after the lapse of so many many years, I felt a burning flush upon my face the other day, when I suddenly came upon a heap of newspapers and reviews which Kenelm had accumulated, and in them read the name of my book.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER X.—[Continued.]

Arabella, thus roused from her first listlessness, sought to requite Darrell's kindness by exerting every energy to render his insipid daughter an accomplished woman. So far as mere ornamental education extends, the teacher was more successful than, with all her experience, her skill, and her zeal, she had presumed to anticipate. Matilda, without ear or taste, or love for music, became a very fair mechanical musician. Without one artistic predisposition, she achieved the science of perspective—she attained even to the mixture of colors—she filled a portfolio with drawings which no young lady need have been ashamed to see circling round a drawing-room. She carried Matilda's thin mind to the farthest bound it could have reached without snapping, through an elegant range of selected histories and harmless feminine classics—through Gallic dialogues—through Tuscan themes—through Teuton verbs—yea, across the invaded bounds of astonished Science into the Elementary Ologies. And all this being done, Matilda Darrell was exactly the same creature that she was before. In all that related to character, to inclinations, to heart, even that consummate teacher could give no intelligible answer, when Mrs. Lyndsay, in her softest accents (and no accents ever were softer), sighed—"Poor, dear Matilda! can *you* make her out, Miss Fossett?" Miss Fossett could not make her out. But, after the most attentive study, Miss Fossett had inly decided that there was nothing to make out—that, like many other very nice girls, Matilda Darrell was a harmless nullity, what you call "a miss." White deal or willow, to which Miss Fossett had done all in the way of increasing its value as ornamental furniture, when she had veneered it over with rosewood or satin-wood, enriched its edges with ormolu, and strewed its surface with nicknacks and albums. But Arabella firmly believed Matilda Darrell to be a quiet, honest, good sort of "miss," on the whole—very fond of her, Arabella. The teacher had been several months in Darrell's family, when Caroline Lyndsay, who had been almost domesticated with Matilda (sharing the lessons bestowed on the latter, whether by Miss Fossett or visiting masters), was taken away by Mrs. Lyndsay on a visit to the old Marchioness of Montfort. Matilda, who was to come out the next year, was thus almost exclusively with Arabella, who redoubled all her pains to veneer the white deal, and protect with ormolu its feeble edges—so that, when it "came out," all should admire that thoroughly fashionable piece of furniture. It was the habit of Miss Fossett and her pupil to take a morning walk in the quiet retreats of the Green Park; and one morning as they were thus strolling, nursery-maids and children, and elderly folks, who were ordered to take early exercise, undulating round their unsuspecting way—suddenly, right upon their path (unlooked-for as the wolf that startled Horace in the Sabine wood, but infinitely more deadly than that runaway animal), came Jasper Losely! Arabella uttered a faint scream. She could not resist—had no thought of resisting—the impulse to bound forward—lay her hand on his arm. She was too agitated to perceive whether his predominant feeling was surprise or rapture. A few hurried words were exchanged, while Matilda Darrell gave one sidelong glance toward the handsome stranger, and walked quietly by them. On his part, Jasper said that he had just returned to London—that he had abandoned forever all idea of a commercial life—that his father's misfortune (he gave that gentle appellation to the incident of penal transportation) had severed him from all former friends, ties, habits—that he had dropped the name of Losely forever—entreated Arabella not to betray it—his name now was Hammond—his "prospects," he said, "fairer than they had ever been." Under the name of Hammond, as an independent gentleman, he had made friends more powerful than he could ever have made under the name of Losely as a city clerk. He blushed to think he had ever been a city clerk. No doubt he should get into some Government office; and then, oh then, with assured income, and the certainty to rise, he might claim the longed-for hand of the "best of creatures."

On Arabella's part, she hastily explained her present position. She was governess to Miss Darrell—that was Miss Darrell. Arabella must not leave her walking on by herself—she would write to him. Addresses were exchanged—Jasper gave a very neat card—"Mr. Hammond, No. ——, Duke Street, St. James's."

Arabella, with a beating heart, hastened to join her friend. At the rapid glance she had taken of her perfidious lover, she thought him, if possible, improved. His dress, always studied, was more to the fashion of polished society, more simply correct—his air more decided. Altogether he looked prosperous, and his manner had never been more seductive, in its mixture of easy self-confidence and hypocritical coaxing. In fact, Jasper had not been long in the French commercial house—to which he had been sent out of the way while his father's trial was proceeding and the shame of it fresh—before certain licenses of conduct had resulted in his dismissal. But, meanwhile, he had made many friends among young men of his own age—those loose wild *viveurs* who, without doing any thing the law can punish as dishonest, contrive for a few fast years to live very showily on their wits. In that strange social fermentation which still prevails in a country where an aristocracy of birth, exceedingly impoverished, and exceedingly numerous so far as the right to prefix a *De* to the name, or to stamp a coronet on the card, can constitute an aristocrat—is diffused among an ambitious, adventurous, restless, and not inelegant young democracy—each cemented with the other by that fiction of law called *égalité*; in that yet unsettled and struggling society in which so much of the old has been irretrievably destroyed, and so little of the new has been solidly constructed—there are much greater varieties, infinitely more subtle grades and distinctions, in the region of life which lies between respectability and disgrace, than can be found in a country like ours. The French novels and dramas may apply less a mirror than a magnifying-glass to the beings that move through that region. But still those French novels and dramas do not unfaithfully represent the classifications of which they exaggerate the types. Those strange combinations, into one tableau, of students and grisettes, opera-dancers, authors, viscounts, swindlers, romantic Lorettes, gamblers on the Bourse, whose pedigree dates from the Crusades; impostors, taking titles from villages in which their grandsires might have been saddlers; and if detected, the detection but a matter of laugh; delicate women living like lawless men; men making trade out of love, like dissolute women, yet with point of honor so nice, that, doubt their truth or their courage, and—piff! you are in Charon's boat, humanity in every civilized land may present single specimens, more or less, answering to each thus described. But where, save in France, find them all, if not precisely in the same *salons*, yet so crossing each other to and fro, as to constitute a social phase, and give color to a literature of unquestionable genius? And where, over orgies so miscellaneously Berycynthian, an atmosphere so elegantly Horatian? And where can coarseness so vanish into polished expression as in that diamond-like language—all terseness and sparkle—which, as friendly to Wit in its airiest prose, as hostile to Passion in its torrent or cloud wrack of poetry, seems invented by the Grace out of spite to the Muse?

Into circles such as those of which the dim outline is here so imperfectly sketched, Jasper Losely niched himself, as *le bel Anglais*. (Pleasant representative of the English nation!) Not that those circles are to have the sole credit of his corruption. No! Justice is justice! Stand we up for our native land! *Le bel Anglais* entered those circles a much greater knave than most of those whom he found there. But there, at least, he learned to set a yet higher value on his youth, and strength, and comeliness—on his readiness of resource—on the reckless audacity that brow-beat timid and some even valiant men—on the six feet one of faultless symmetry that captivated foolish, and some even sensible women. Gaming was, however, his vice by predilection. A month before Arabella met him he had had a rare run of luck. On the strength of it he had resolved to return to London, and (wholly oblivious of "the best of creatures" till she had thus startled him) hunt out and swoop off with an heiress. Three French friends accompanied him. Each had the same object. Each believed that London swarmed with heiresses. They were all three fine-looking men. One was a Count—at least he said so. But proud of his rank? not a bit of it: all for liberty (no man more likely to lose it)—all for fraternity (no man you would less love as a brother). And as for *égalité!* the son of a shoemaker who was *homme de lettres*, and wrote in a journal, inserted a jest on the Count's countship. "All men are equal before the pistol," said the Count; and knowing that, in that respect, he was equal to most, having practiced at *poupées* from the age of fourteen, he called out the son of Crispin and shot him through the lungs. Another of Jasper's traveling friends was an *enfant du peuple*—boasted that he was a foundling. He made verses of lugubrious strain, and taught Jasper how to shuffle at whist. The third, like Jasper, had been designed for trade; and, like Jasper, he had a soul above it. In politics he was a Communist—in talk a Philanthropist. He was the cleverest man of them all, and is now at the galleys. The fate of his two compatriots—more obscure—it is not my duty to discover. In that peculiar walk of life Jasper is as much as I can possibly manage.

It need not be said that Jasper carefully abstained from reminding his old city friends of his existence. It was his object and his hope to drop all identity with that son of a convict who had been sent out of the way to escape humiliation. In this resolve he was the more confirmed because he had no old city friends out of whom any thing could be well got. His poor uncle, who alone of his relations in England had been privy to his change of name, was dead; his end hastened by grief for William Losely's disgrace, and the bad reports he had received from France of the conduct of William Losely's son. That uncle had left, in circumstances too straitened to admit the waste of a shilling, a widow of very rigid opinions; who, if ever by some miraculous turn in the wheel of fortune she could have become rich enough to slay a fatted calf, would never have given the shinbone of it to a prodigal like Jasper, even had he been her own penitent son, instead of a graceless step-nephew. Therefore, as all civilization proceeds westward, Jasper turned his face from the east; and had no more idea of recrossing Temple Bar in search of fortune, friends, or kindred, than a modern Welshman would dream of a pilgrimage to Asian shores to re-embrace those distant relatives whom Hu Gadarn left behind him countless centuries ago, when that mythical chief conducted his faithful Cymrians over the Hazy Sea to this happy Island of Honey.*

Two days after his *rencontre* with Arabella in the Green Park, the *soi-disant* Hammond, having, in the interim, learned that Darrell was immensely rich, and Matilda his only surviving child, did not fail to find himself in the Green Park again—and again—and again!

Arabella, of course, felt how wrong it was to allow him to accost her, and walk by one side of her while Miss Darrell was on the other. But she felt, also, as if it would be much more wrong to slip out and meet him alone. Not for worlds would she again have placed herself in such peril. To refuse to meet him at all?—she had not strength enough for *that!* Her joy at seeing him was so immense. And nothing could be more respectful than Jasper's manner and conversation. Whatever of warmer and more impassioned sentiment was exchanged between them passed in notes. Jasper had suggested to Arabella to pass him off to Matilda as some near relation. But Arabella refused all such disguise. Her sole claim to self-respect was in considering him solemnly engaged to her—the man she was to marry. And, after the second time they thus met, she said to Matilda, who had not questioned her by a word—by a look—"I was to be married to that gentleman before my father died; we are to be married as soon as we have something to live upon."

Matilda made some commonplace but kindly rejoinder. And thus she became raised into Arabella's confidence—so far as that confidence could be given, without betraying Jasper's real name, or one darker memory in herself. Luxury, indeed, it was to Arabella to find, at last, some one to whom she could speak of that betrothal in which her whole future was invested—of that affection which was her heart's sheet-anchor—of that home, humble it might be, and far off, but to which Time rarely fails to bring the Two, if never weary of the trust, to become as One. Talking thus, Arabella forgot the relationship of pupil and teacher; it was as woman to woman—girl to girl—friend to friend. Matilda seemed touched by the confidence—flattered to possess at last another's secret. Arabella was a little chafed that she did not seem to admire Jasper as much as Arabella thought the whole world must admire. Matilda excused herself. "She had scarcely noticed Mr. Hammond. Yes; she had no doubt he would be considered handsome; but she owned, though it might be bad taste, that she preferred a pale complexion, with auburn hair;" and then she sighed and looked away, as if she had, in the course of her secret life, encountered some fatal pale complexion, with never-to-be-forgotten auburn hair. Not a word was said by either Matilda or Arabella as to concealing from Mr. Darrell these meetings with Mr. Hammond. Perhaps Arabella could not stoop to ask that secrecy; but there was no necessity to ask. Matilda was always too rejoiced to have something to conceal.

Now, in these interviews, Jasper scarcely ever addressed himself to Matilda; not twenty spoken words could have passed between them; yet, in the very third interview, Matilda's sly fingers had closed on a sly note. And from that day, in each interview, Arabella walking in the centre, Jasper on one side, Matilda the other—behind Arabella's back—passed the sly fingers and the sly notes, which Matilda received and answered. Not more than twelve or fourteen times was even this interchange effected. Darrell was about to move to Fawley. All such meetings would be now suspended. Two or three mornings before that fixed for leaving London Matilda's room was found vacant. She was gone. Arabella was the first to discover her flight, the first to learn its cause. Matilda had left on her writing-table a letter for Miss Fossett. It was very short, very quietly expressed, and it rested her justification on a note from Jasper, which she inclosed—a note in which that gallant hero, ridiculing the idea that he could ever have been in love with Arabella, declared that he would destroy himself if Matilda refused to fly. *She* need not fear such angelic confidence in him. No! Even

> "Had he a heart for falsehood framed,
> He ne'er could injure her."

Stifling each noisier cry—but panting—gasping—literally half out of her mind, Arabella rushed into Darrell's study. He, unsuspecting man, calmly bending over his dull books, was startled by her apparition. Few minutes sufficed to tell him all that it concerned him to learn. Few brief questions, few passionate answers, brought him to the very worst.

Who, and what, was this Mr. Hammond? Heaven of heavens! the son of William Losely—of a transported felon!

Arabella exulted in a reply which gave her a moment's triumph over the rival who had filched from her such a prize. Roused from his first misery and sense of abasement in this discovery, Darrell's wrath was naturally poured, not on the fugitive child, but on the frontless woman, who, buoyed up by her own rage and sense of wrong, faced him, and did not cower. She, the faithless governess, had presented to her pupil this convict's son in another name; she owned it—she had trepanned into the snares of so vile a fortune-hunter, an ignorant child—she might feign amaze—act remorse—she must have been the man's accomplice. Stung, amidst all the bewilderment of her anguish, by this charge, which, at least, she did not deserve, Arabella tore from her bosom Jasper's recent letters to herself—letters all devotion and passion—placed them before Darrell, and bade him read. Nothing thought she then of name and fame. Nothing but of her wrongs and of her woes. Compared to herself, Matilda seemed the perfidious criminal—she the injured victim. Darrell but glanced over the letters; they were signed "your loving husband."

"What is this?" he exclaimed, "are you married to the man?"

"Yes," cried Arabella, "in the eyes of Heaven!"

To Darrell's penetration there was no mistaking the significance of those words, and that look; and his wrath redoubled. Anger in him, when once roused, was terrible; he had small need of words to vent it. His eye withered, his gesture appalled. Conscious but of one burning firebrand in brain and heart—of a sense that youth, joy, and hope were for ever gone, that the world could never be the same again—Arabella left the house, her character lost, her talents useless, her very means of existence stopped. Who henceforth would take *her* to teach? Who henceforth place their children under *her* charge?

She shrank into a gloomy lodging—she shut herself up alone with her despair. Strange though it may seem, her anger against Jasper was slight as compared with the intensity of her hate to Matilda. And stranger still it may seem, that as her thoughts recovered from their first chaos, she felt more embittered against the world, more crushed by a sense of shame, and yet galled by a no less keen sense of injustice, in recalling the scorn with which Darrell had rejected all excuse for her conduct in the misery it had occasioned her, than she did by the consciousness of her own lamentable errors. As in Darrell's esteem there was something that, to those who could appreciate it, seemed invaluable, so in his contempt to those who had cherished that esteem there was a weight of ignominy, as if a judge had pronounced a sentence that outlaws the rest of life.

Arabella had not much left out of her munificent salary. What she had hitherto laid by had passed to Jasper—defraying, perhaps, the very cost of his flight with her treacherous rival. When her money was gone, she pawned the poor relics of her innocent happy girlhood, which she had been permitted to take from her father's home, and had borne with her wherever she went, like household gods,—the prize-books, the lute, the costly work-box, the very bird-cage, all which the reader will remember to have seen in her later life, the books never opened, the lute broken, the bird long, long, long vanished from the cage! Never did she think she should redeem those pledges from that Golgotha, which takes, rarely to give back, so many hallowed tokens of the dreamland called "better days"—the trinkets worn at the first ball, the ring that was given with the earliest love-vow—yea, even the very bells and coral that pleased the infant in its dainty cradle, and the very Bible in which the lips that now bargain for sixpence more, read to some gray-haired father on his bed of death!

Soon the sums thus miserably raised were as miserably doled away. With a sullen apathy the woman contemplated famine. She would make no effort to live—appeal to no relations, no friends. It was a kind of vengeance she took on others, to let herself drift on to death. She had retreated from lodging to lodging, each obscurer, more desolate than the other. Now, she could no longer pay rent for the humblest room; now, she was told to go forth—whither? She knew not—cared not—took her way toward the river, as by that instinct which, when the mind is diseased, tends toward self-destruction, scarce less involuntarily than it turns, in health, toward self-preservation. Just as she passed under the lamplight at the foot of Westminster Bridge, a well-dressed man looked at her, and seized her arm. She raised her head with a chilly, melancholy scorn, as if she had received an insult—as if she feared that the man knew the stain upon her name, and dreamed, in his folly, that the dread of death might cause her to sin again.

"Do you not know me?" said the man; "more strange that I should recognize you! Dear, dear!—and what a dress!—how you *are* altered! Poor thing!"

At the words "poor thing" Arabella burst into tears; and in those tears the heavy cloud on her brain seemed to melt away.

"I have been inquiring, seeking for you every where, Miss," resumed the man. "Surely you know me now! Your poor aunt's lawyer! She is no more—died last week. She has left you all she had in the world; and a very pretty income it is, too, for a single lady."

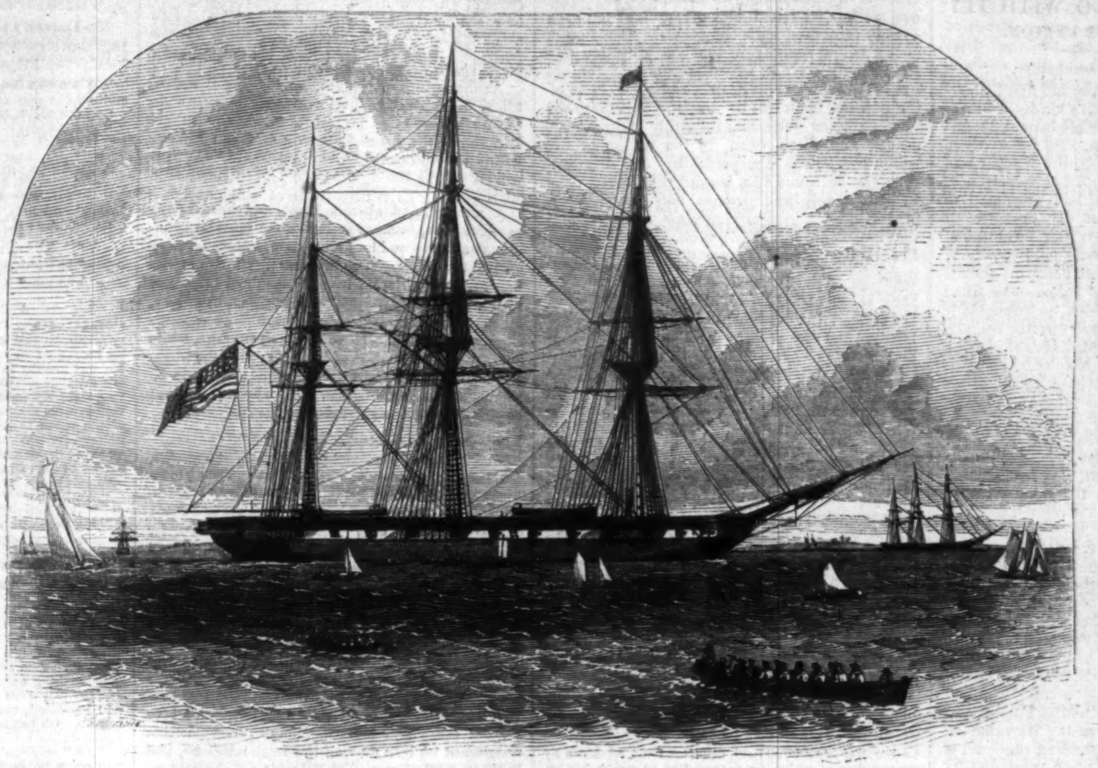
Thus it was that we find Arabella installed in the dreary comforts of Podden Place. "She exchanged," she said, "in honor to her aunt's memory, her own name for that of Crane, which her aunt had borne—her own mother's maiden name." She assumed, though still so young, that title of "Mrs." which spinsters, grown venerable, moodily adopt when they desire all mankind to know that henceforth they relinquish the vanities of tender misses—that, become mistress of themselves, they defy and spit upon our worthless sex, which, whatever its repentance, is warned that it repents in vain. Most of her aunt's property was in houses, in various districts of Bloomsbury. Arabella moved from one to the other of these tenements, till she settled for good into the dullest of all. To make it duller yet, by contrast with the past, the Golgotha for once gave up its buried treasures—broken lute, birdless cage!

Somewhere about two years after Matilda's death, Arabella happened to be in the office of the agent who collected her house-rents, when a well-dressed man entered, and, leaning over the counter, said—"There is an advertisement in to-day's *Times* about a lady who offers a home, education, and so forth, to any little motherless girl; terms moderate, as said lady loves children for their own sake. Advertiser refers to your office for particulars—give them!"

The agent turned to his books; and Arabella turned toward the inquirer. "For whose child do you want a home, Jasper Losely?"

Jasper started. "Arabella! Best of crea-

* *Mel Ynys*—Isle of Honey. One of the poetic names given to England in the language of the ancient Britons.



THE UNITED STATES SLOOP-OF-WAR "MACEDONIAN."

tures! And can you deign to speak to such a vil——"

"Hush — let us walk. Never mind the advertisement of a stranger. I may find a home for a motherless child—a home that will cost you nothing."

She drew him into the street. "But can this be the child of—of—Matilda Darrell?"

"Bella!" replied, in coaxing accents, that most execrable of lady-killers, "can I trust you?—can you be my friend in spite of my having been such a very sad dog? But money—what can one do without money in this world? 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed, it would ne'er have injured you'—if I had not been so cursedly hard up! And indeed now, if you would but condescend to forgive and forget, perhaps some day or other we may be Darby and Joan—only, you see, just at this moment I am really not worthy of such a Joan. You know, of course, that I am a widower—not inconsolable."

"Yes; I read of Mrs. Hammond's death in an old newspaper."

"And you did not read of her baby's death, too—some weeks afterward?"

"No; it is seldom that I see a newspaper. Is the infant dead?"

"Hum—you shall hear." And Jasper entered into a recital, to which Arabella listened with attentive interest. At the close she offered to take herself the child for whom Jasper sought a home. She informed him of her change of name and address. The wretch promised to call that evening with the infant; but he sent the infant, and did not call. Nor did he present himself again to her eyes, until, several years afterward, those eyes so luridly welcomed him to Podden Place. But though he did not even condescend to write to her in the mean while, it is probable that Arabella contrived to learn more of his habits and mode of life at Paris than she intimated when they once more met face to face.

And now the reader knows more than Alban Morley, or Guy Darrell perhaps ever will know, of the grim woman in iron gray.

THE "MACEDONIAN."

THE cut we give herewith is an accurate representation of the United States sloop-of-war *Macedonian*, lately refitted at Boston, and now on her way to the Gulf of Mexico, from whence she is to proceed to the Mediterranean, which is her appointed station. The *Macedonian*, though ranking in the naval register as a sloop, and carrying the armament of that class of vessels, is, in fact, a razee, cut down from a frigate. She is one of the few remaining vessels in our navy which possess historic interest. She was originally a French man-of-war; was taken from the French by the English, and from them by the United States. The action in which she was taken from the British by the *United States*, Commodore Decatur, was, in its effects, one of the most important in the war of 1812. At the commencement of that war not only was our navy weak, but the general sentiment of the country was unfavorable to its increase. Britannia ruled the waves. It had become a proverb that, when the French launched a new ship from their yards, they were only adding another to the fleets of their enemy; and it was difficult to convince the good people of the United States that any addition to our own naval force would not have a similar result. The British, indeed, boasted that before the close of the new war they would lay their sloops alongside American frigates, and this boast found many believers among the Americans. The capture of the *Guerriere* by the *Constitution*, the first serious naval combat in the war, was hailed, therefore, with as much surprise as delight; and when the *Macedonian* came into port as a prize, these two hard facts begot new faith in our efficiency and Britain's vulnerability on the element of which John Bull claimed the exclusive sovereignty.

The battle between the *United States* and the *Macedonian* was fought on Sunday, October 25, 1812. The fight lasted over one hour, during which time the *Macedonian* received over three hundred round-shot in her hull; lost, in succession, her mizzen-mast, fore and main topmasts and main yard; and, in a crew of three hundred men, had thirty-six killed and sixty-eight wounded. The *United States* lost one of her top-gallant masts, and had her rigging much cut, but received very few shot in her hull. Thus was proved the superior gunnery of American seamen—a superiority which was kept up in every contest during the war.

The vessel was bought by the Government from those to whom she had fallen a prize; and in 1813 was put in commission, under command of Captain Jones. Proceeding up Long Island Sound, in company with the *United States* and *Hornet*, the three were chased into New London by a greatly superior British force, and there blockaded during the continuance of the war. After its close she served on various stations; was in 1836 rebuilt at Gosport navy-yard, when she was cut down to a sloop; and after serving in different parts of the world—among others, on the Japan expedition—has latterly been laid up in ordinary in Boston. She has the reputation of being a stanch vessel yet, and will probably carry the star-spangled flag into different seas for many years to come. Success to her officers and crew on her present cruise!

THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

FRANCE has just purchased from the British Government part of the Longwood estate, on the island of St. Helena, containing the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. We give below a pretty sketch of the spot as it is at present.

It would have been a graceful act, it would seem, for the English to have made a free gift of the tomb to their faithful ally, Napoleon the Third. One can not help wondering that this did not occur to the British Government. Perhaps, however, they had adequate reasons for the course they took.

Napoleon was buried in this spot on 7th May, 1821. We take the following graphic account of the scene from Abbott's "Napoleon:"

"The morning of the 8th of May dawned with unusual brilliance. A perfect calm had succeeded the storm, and not a cloud obscured the brightness of the sun. At an early hour all the inhabitants of the island were directing their steps toward Longwood, to pay their last tribute of respect to the remains of the Emperor. At half past twelve o'clock the grenadiers placed the coffin upon the hearse. The funeral car was drawn by four horses, richly caparisoned, and each led by a groom. The faded cloak he wore at Marengo was his fitting shroud. Four of his devoted friends held the corners of the pall. Twelve grenadiers walked by the side of the hearse, to carry the coffin where the bad condition of the path along the crags prevented the wheels from advancing. The Emperor's horse, caparisoned in black, was led by a groom.

"The household of Longwood, dressed in deep mourning, followed sadly behind, weeping, with heart-rending grief, as children at the grave of a father. Next after them came the Admiral and the Governor, on horseback, accompanied by the officers of the staff. In long procession the inhabitants of the island—men, women, and children—reverently joined the funeral train. The garrison, two thousand five hundred in number, which had been stationed upon the island to guard the Em-

LONGWOOD.—THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

peror, lined the whole of the left side of the road from Longwood nearly to the grave. Bands of music, at appointed intervals, breathed their requiems over the crags bathed in the silent sunlight. As the procession passed along, the soldiers, two by two, fell into the line, and with reversed arms solemnly paced the dead march to the grave. The roar of the ocean was hushed. Not a leaf trembled upon the gum-wood trees. And not a sound, save the death dirge, fell upon the listening ear, as the burial train moved slowly amidst the blackened crags. The whole career of Napoleon constitutes the wildest romance which imagination can conceive. But no events during that wondrous history are more touching and sublime than his death and burial on this lone, barren isle.

"At length the hearse stopped. Huge blocks of blackened lava, precipices, and towering crags obstructed the further advance of the wheels. Twelve grenadiers with difficulty took upon their shoulders the remains, in the heavy triple coffin of tin, lead, and mahogany, and carried them along a narrow path, which had been constructed on the side of the rugged mountain, to the place of burial. The booming of minute-guns, from the Admiral's ship in the harbor, reverberated from pinnacle to pinnacle of this gloomy rock, adding inconceivable sublimity to the scene. Every heart was vanquished by uncontrollable emotion. The coffin was placed on the verge of the grave. The Abbé Vignali recited the burial service. As the body was then lowered to its resting-place, three successive volleys from a battery of fifteen cannon discharged over the grave resounded in thunder peals along the crags of St. Helena. This was responded to by a simultaneous discharge from the ships in the harbor and every fort upon the island. The grave was then filled in, carefully closed with masonry, and a guard of honor placed over it."

In the year 1840, under the government of Louis Philippe, the remains of the Emperor were transferred to France, and deposited in the Invalides. It is the intention of the present Emperor to erect a monument to his uncle which shall be worthy of the man and of the Empire.

MAGGIE GRAY.

Oh! I'm in love with Maggie Gray,
  Sweet Maggie with the soft blue eye;
I saw her one December day,
  When winter winds went whistling by.
I, fearful, watched her cross the street
  Before a heavy-laden dray,
But ere a glance, the horse's feet
  Were tramping pretty Maggie Gray.

I ran and jumped, an awful jump,
  And soon she trembled on my breast;
Her little cheeks, so red and plump,
  Smeared mud upon my velvet vest.
I thought how fair was Maggie's face,
  I wiped the wet and mud away;
And as I kissed the cleanest place,
  Was glad I saw sweet Maggie Gray.

The tale was short that Maggie told,
  She only breathed her little name;
She said that she was five years old,
  And brother Tom was just the same.
She spoke in a mysterious tone
  Of a dear mother far away;
An angel at the Heavenly throne,
  Who prayed for little Maggie Gray.

I rubbed and scraped the little one,
  My cambric was an utter wreck;
And when my task was fairly done,
  I tied a ribbon on her neck.
I bade her keep the silken band,
  And think of me another day;
They took her from my muddy hand,
  Farewell forever, Maggie Gray!

Miscellany.

—It was lately asserted that Napoleon Bonaparte was descended from the celebrated Man-with-the-Iron-Mask, who is generally admitted to have been an elder twin-brother of Louis XIV., and that the great Emperor of France was, therefore, rightly entitled to the throne which he won for himself. This is probably one of those myths which ambitious newsmen set afloat upon the ocean of newspaperdom. From a work lately published in Italy on the

Antiquities of the Bonaparte Family,

we learn that the Emperor's remote ancestors were men who made themselves felt in Italy centuries ago.

We find the origin of the name well explained. There is a tradition that the early name of the family was Parte, but that on a feud taking place between two branches, the people christened the unpopular branch Malapart, the favorites Bonaparte. It appears, however, that their real name was, in all cases, Malapart, but that when the people found them generally on the right side they called them Bonaparte. We find that, in the sixteenth century, in a work on the noble families of Trevisa, the Bonapartes were called *gens nobilis et antiqua.*

It was natural that the Italians should reverence the name. If there is in their glorious annals one heroic, one national hero, it is that of the Rector of the League of the Lombard towns. A few citizens, wearied of the exactions of the foreigners, determined to defy the German empire, then in all its power under Frederick Barberousse. These citizens, with whom the peasants and nobles soon joined, rose against their oppressor, and stood the brunt of his heavy feudal armies. Four times Frederick renewed the attack with fresh armies in vain. Italy devoured his savage hordes, and the most terrible of Christian sovereigns, Frederick Barberousse, sued for peace. He yielded to a new power—the right of a great people. At the head of this Italian national movement, among other nobles, was a Bonaparte—John I. de Bonaparte, the founder of the family. He was named Rector of the League of the Lombard towns. In 1183, when the victory, after a fifteen years' war, had been decided, we find among the signatures to the Treaty of Constance, "Joannes de Bonaparte, de Treviso Consul et Rector." Fifty-six years afterward we find a Bonaparte commanding the army of Guelph partisans who met the Ghibelines at Castelfranco, commanded by Frederick the Second in person.

Venice dreaded the name, and, in 1357, the escutcheon of the Bonapartes was torn down from their palace of St. André, at Treviso, by order of the mysterious government of the republic. Four hundred and fifty years later a Bonaparte, at Campo-Formio, proclaimed the death of the Republic of Venice. We find them next at Bologna, illustrious in law and letters. In 1756 an Italian writer remarked that "there was always an illustrious writer in the family." A Bonaparte published a comedy, *La Vedova*, in 1592. In 1664 there appeared a remarkable account of the sack of Rome by Charles, Constable of Bourbon. It was ascribed to Guicciardini, and many editions were published ere it was proved to be written by Jacopo Bonaparte, arch-priest of Colla, dean of the metropolis of Florence, canon of the Vatican, protonotary and apostolical secretary. The authorship of this pamphlet caused a literary quarrel, which lasted more than a century. But in 1830 a splendid edition, edited by Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, brother to Napoleon III., appeared at Florence and settled the question.

A Noble Brewer.

—Sir Henry Meux, a wealthy English brewer, and son-in-law of a nobleman lately holding a high position in her Majesty's household, displeased his relatives by the manner in which he proposed to bequeath his estates; whereupon they endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to prove him insane. They did succeed, however, in bringing to light some curious statistics of beer.

In 1841 Sir Henry Meux's share in the great monopoly was worth $1,000,000; in 1858 it is worth $3,000,000, and this in spite of a career of fifteen years' neglect of business, of hunting and racing, of French cooks, Sevres china, still Champagne, and double opera-boxes; of *battues*, moors, and deer forests; of Epsom, Newmarket, and Ascot; ending with a marriage and jointure of $75,000 a year. Sir Fitzroy Kelly told the jury that Sir Henry had no taste for business, and that he only attended the brewing when the accounts were made up, devoting his time almost entirely to the most costly pursuits, in fashion with the wealthiest and idlest of the aristocracy. Sir Henry's father-in-law, Lord Ernest Bruce, though of old nobility, with an official position at the Court, was by no means indisposed to a family alliance with the brewer, for the brewer was rich; nay, Lord Ernest was not even shocked when his son-in-law bequeathed him the management of the brewery, with a salary of £2000 a year, but rather took it kindly than otherwise. 'Tis true, Lord Ernest knew nothing about beer—probably never saw it in his life; but for all that, he "thought he knew how to look after the profits."

British Coolness.

The first symptom of Sir Henry's madness was manifested in the wild and excited way in which he shot. The coolness of Englishmen was strikingly displayed in the answers of one of Sir Henry's friends: "He shot me, and said nothing about it, which made me suspect something was wrong about him; because, when a man is shot by another, he rather expects something to be said." Cool, certainly.

—Poets are not generally thought to be hard-working men. But *Southey*, who labored incessantly, was a striking exception to this poetical rule. A recent writer gives this account of the

Poet's Time-Table:

In associating with Southey, not only was it necessary to salvation to refrain from touching his books, but various rites, ceremonies, and usages must be rigidly observed. At certain appointed hours only was he open to conversation; at the seasons which had been predestined from all eternity for holding intercourse with his friends. Every hour of the day had its commission—every half-hour was assigned to its own peculiar, undeviating function. The indefatigable student gave a detailed account of his most pains-taking life, every moment of which was fully employed and strictly prearranged, to a certain literary Quaker lady.

"I rise at five throughout the year; from six till eight, I read Spanish; then French, for one hour; Portuguese, next, for half an hour—my watch lying on the table; I give two hours to poetry; I write prose for two hours; I translate so long; I make extracts so long;" and so of the rest, until the poor fellow had fairly fagged himself into his bed again.

"And pray, when dost thou think, friend?" she asked, dryly, to the great discomfiture of the future laureate.

—While upon poets, we must quote this story of

Wordsworth,

so thoroughly characteristic of his indifference to every production of modern growth but his own poetry:

When "Rob Roy" was published, some of Mr. Wordsworth's friends made a picnic, and the amusement of the day was to be the new novel. He accompanied them to the selected spot, joined them at luncheon, and then said, "Now, before you begin, I will read you a poem of my own on Rob Roy. It will increase your pleasure in the new book." Of course, every one was delighted, and he recited the well-known verses; and the moment he had finished, said, "Well, now I hope you will enjoy your book;" and walked quietly off, and was seen no more all the afternoon. The very rough mode in which he handled books showed how little he cared for them. Southey said, to let him into a fine library was like turning a bear into a tulip-garden; and De Quincey tells of his cutting open a "pracht-edition" of Burke with a knife he had just used to butter toast.

Hopefulness

is the surest forerunner of future success. Few of the world's great men but have found themselves in a tight place, where commonplace minds would have seen no avenue for escape.

A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs; and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if, at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician.

How to be Buried.

There seems to be a choice in the matter. Some recommend burning; but how are you going to inurn those who through life have not managed to earn an urn? However, there are precedents for other modes.

The Bactrians gave their dead to dogs kept for the purpose. In Thibet the same custom is still in highly-honored observance; and it is preferable to that of the Calatians, who piously devoured their own dead themselves. Again, the presence of a horse at the funeral of his once martial master is a remnant of the old ceremony, when the steed was slain at the brink of the grave, into which he was then tumbled on the body of his old rider. This ceremony was performed as lately as the last century at the funeral of a German Ritter, with a love for old times and their manners. Every nation considered its own fashion the most religious, and nothing seemed more disgusting to a Calatian who ate, or to the Balearic islanders who first chopped their dead into sausage-meat and then potted them for "preservation," than the Roman custom of incremation. Our Christian forefathers, too, had their vagaries. No one, for instance, killed when engaged in worldly sports could be buried within the walls of a church, unless he was slain at a tournament. Such an end showed him to be a "Christian gentleman," and the exception was made in favor of his gentility! A similar vagary, indeed, continued as recently as the last century at the parish church of Clifton, near Bristol, where the "Quality Vault" was especially set apart for the porcelain and not the common clay of humanity! This respect for the dead "cream of the cream" of society was carried to an absurd extent in France; as, for example, at the lying in state of the Dauphin, the first of the sons of Louis XVI. who bore that title. As the courtiers repaired to this ceremony the groom of the chamber in waiting announced to the corpse the name and title of each person as he approached. What a contrast was presented by the maimed rites which followed the death of the second little Dauphin!—the undraped body on the wooden bedstead, the coffin of rough fir-planks, and the walk to the grave in the cemetery of St. Margaret!

Woman's Rights

prevail among the Vizrees, a powerful tribe occupying an extensive district in Cabul, among the mountains between Persia and India. The women choose their husbands, and not the husbands their wives. If a woman be pleased with a man, she sends the drummer of the camp to pin a handkerchief to his cap with a pin she has used to fasten her hair. The drummer watches his opportunity, and does this in public, naming the woman, and the man is obliged to marry her if he can pay her price to her father.

—Is not this a fine example of the power of

Faith?

"I can conceive," says Lord Erskine, "a distressed but virtuous man, surrounded by his children, looking up to him for bread, when he has none to give them, sinking under the last day's labor, and unequal to the next, yet still supported by confidence in the hour when all tears shall be wiped from the eyes of affliction, bearing the burden laid upon him by a mysterious Providence which he adores, and anticipating with exultation the revealed promises of his Creator, when he shall be greater than the greatest, and happier than the happiest, of mankind."

Odd Thoughts.

Benefits.—He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Charron.

Hurry and Dispatch.—No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring eternally, but to no purpose; in constant motion, without getting on a jot; talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into every thing, but sees nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them hot, and with those that are he only burns his fingers.—Colton.

Books.—Books are standing counselors and preachers—always at hand, and always disinterested; having this advantage over oral instructors, that they are ready to repeat their lesson as often as we please.—Chambers.

"Whom the Gods Love Die Young."—It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

Music.—I ever held this sentence of the poet as a canon of my creede: that whom God loveth not, they love not musicke.—T. Morley, 1589.

Music is the art of the prophets; it is the only art which can calm the agitation of the soul and put the devil to flight.—Martin Luther.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"The ministry have thrown me overboard," said a disappointed politician; "but I've strength enough to swim to the other side!"

"When was Rome built?" inquired a competitive examiner.

"In the night, Sir."

"In the night! How do you make that out?"

"Why, Sir, Rome wasn't built in a day!"

A Patlander, direct from the sod, had got into a muss, and was knocked down.

"An' sure ye won't be afther batin' a man whin he's down?" said Pat.

"Certainly not," said his antagonist.

"Faix, then," quoth Pat, "an' sure I'll jist lie here."

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

A FRENCH MARRIAGE.

Marriages in France are often arranged in a summary manner. Not long since, a young gentleman of family succeeded in running speedily through his fortune. He was heavily in debt, and in great despair. Sitting one evening in the Vaudeville Theatre, he was accosted by an elderly gentleman. A conversation ensued, and they became mutually interested; the former on account of the warm interest the latter seemed to take in his welfare, for what reason the young man could not think. The young man at once, with youthful confidence, imparted to the stranger his pecuniary embarrassments. The gentleman reflected a little, and then replied,

"Well, I see no way of releasing you from your difficulties but to find you a wife."

"No, no," said the young man; "I am in trouble, it is true, but nothing so bad as matrimony has happened to me yet."

"But," urged the other, "you would not object to a wife with a fine fortune?"

"A different matter, indeed."

"Well, then," said the elder, "I will present you to a lady who will marry you, and you will be once again a rich man."

The new-made friends parted, soon to meet again. The young man was presented to the lady; his character and standing were without blemish; he was handsome, and the pair were speedily united; and, as the unknown had predicted, the young gentleman was possessed of wealth. On the morning after the wedding the stranger called on the bridegroom.

"Ah," said the latter, with warmth, "my *dear* friend, you come to congratulate me, and at the same time to reveal to me what I have ever done to inspire you with so strong an interest in my fate."

"With much pleasure," replied he. "You have passed bills of exchange to the amount of 15,000 francs, which bills being now in my possession, I *have* called to congratulate you, and to urge a settlement at the same time. I knew you were without fortune; putting you in prison would not do me any good, so I preferred to furnish you with a fortune; and now gratitude will surely force you to render me justice."

GOOD COUNSEL.

Tutor not thyself in science: go to masters for perfection:
    Also speak thy thoughts aloud:
Whoso in the glass beholdeth naught beside his own reflection,
    Bides both ignorant and proud.

Study not in one book only: bee-like, rather, at a hundred
    Sources gather honeyed lore:
Thou art else that helpless bird which, when her nest has once been plundered,
    Ne'er can build another more.

Railroad poetry is becoming a school, like that of the lakes in England. A short time ago a collision occurred on a Maryland road between two trains—one of them a freight train, loaded with iron and barrels of rum. The conductor, knowing that he would be blamed for his carelessness, rushed into the *Sun* newspaper with the following statement of facts and touching appeal:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

As the collision that happened last Sabbath morning at Union Dam curve, between four and five o'clock, has increased a sensation in the public mind to know who are the guilty parties that were neglectful of duty, or careless in the office in charge. Not knowing what the Company thinks of me, or to whose charge they lay the blame, induces me to take this method for a scrutinizing investigation of the whole matter throughout. I am perfectly satisfied for twelve men to be empanneled as jurors—either merchants of Market Street or butchers or blacksmiths at Mount Clare—to investigate the matter in charge; and if they can conscientiously come to a conclusion that I am the guilty person, or that man's blood hangs to my skirts, then, I say, hang me as high as Haman; and if not, acquit me as Mordecai.

I will give below my report, which I sent in to the Company, with the remark that I was standing on the bumper at the time-running:

POEM.

When first I saw his brazen light
  Spring suddenly around the curve,
I was with horror struck to flight
  To extricate those in my charge;
So in the car I quickly went,
  And roused up all the men,
To be in action quickly spent,
  On which their only hope depend.
Then to the door I made a spring,
  To extricate myself from harm;
In that I failed! Oh! the sting
  Of thoughts upon my mind was borne—
First prayer! then the horrors of hell—
  My form was plunged in dark despair,
Not beneath the rocks and cliffs to dwell,
  But where irony timber and alcoholic spirits were.
Then the Spirit above—the one of Love;
  The one below—the one of woe;
Then came the Spirit from above,
  And saved us from the spirit of woe.

A. S. Ebert.

Here is another Western Justice of the Peace;

February 27 th 1858 Sir

Parsonly A pered James Curry Before mee a Justices of the Pease and maid the folowing oth that hee got this varry not from you the ticket agents in Mont plasent iowa

James Curry Stats that you gave him this not on friday Morning 13th of February and that hee got aticket to cincinnati and that hee gave you a twenty doller bil on the Southeren Bank of kentuckey And you gave him three dollers In Change and this not is one of tham and that he ast you If it was good money and you said that it was hee said that hee tried to pass it saveral times and it was stil said to bee Counterfit and James Curry requests you to sand him a good doller in Plase of this hee wil sand you this note in the same Rapper that you gave him the ticket in Please sand it to Rainsboro Post offices Highland County ohio

to James Curry

qualified before mee

James gatharmen Esq of Paint township

Highland County ohio

A merchant of Mobile recently wrote a letter of importance to a gentleman of Mississippi, and in due course of time he received a letter with his own signature cut out and pasted on the back of the envelope, in which the writer stated that he had received his communication, but didn't know who was the writer nor a word that was written in it, and that his only manner of finding the author was to cut out the signature and use it as the address, with the hope that the postmaster in Mobile might be able to do more by it than he had.

So you have had new bottoms to your parlor-chairs, I hear, Jane; how much did they cost?"

"Indeed I don't know."

"Well, that's strange; for you must have paid for them or they would not have sent them home *reseated*."

If you would kill game,
It is true you must shoot,
But then you must aim,
And hold steady to boot.

At a negro celebration, lately, an Irishman stood listening to a colored speaker, expatiating upon government and freedom; and as the orator came to a "period" from the highest and most poetical flights, the Irishman said,

"Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur; didn't he, now?"

Somebody said, "He isn't a negro, he is only a half negro."

"Only a half a nagur, is it? Well, if half a nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagur might bate the prophet Jeremiah!"

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

The sight of such a phenomenon as the House of Lords laughing is due to Mr. Roundell Palmer. During the sitting of their lordships the other day, on a Committee of Privileges in the Shrewsbury Peerage case, the learned counsel was reading the will of a certain Humphrey Talbot. In this will were certain bequests of a gold chain, a suit of "tawny velvet," etc. Then followed a gift of "*two Maries*," which was interpreted by the advocate to mean two much-prized figures of the Virgin Mary. This was succeeded by "two *foles*." This was far beyond the power of the silk gown, who could only understand it as meaning "two fools," though it appeared strange that the testator should bequeath such a commodity; whereupon Lord St. Leonards exclaimed, "Two mares and foals are no doubt the true meaning." This interpretation, though obviously the correct one, was so opposed to the Dryasdust theory, that their lordships burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which they were joined by the entire auditory.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, July* 19, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending July 17, 1858	$4,231,509....	$1,003,183
Corresponding week, 1857	8,131,984....	962,814
Decrease............	$3,900,475	
Increase................................		$40,369

The export of specie during the week has only been $637,000, against which there is an arrival of $1,401,713 from California. The bank statement to be made up this afternoon will therefore probably show an increase of $750,000 @ $1,000,000. The price of money is unchanged. Exchange on London vibrates between 109¼ @ 109¾, at which rate, with gold bars at a discount of ½, specie can be exported at a small profit.

Stocks closed on Saturday about where they stood on the Saturday previous. The chief advance of the week was in Pacific Mail shares, which rose some 7 per cent. on the strength of the probable profits of the new line from San Francisco to Vancouver's Island. In the leading railway stocks there is not much speculation, and no change in market values.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, July* 19, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been moderately active for Flour at uniform prices. Sound lots of Wheat and Corn have been scarce, and in request at full rates. Most of the available supply of each has consisted of unsound or inferior lots. The principal inquiry for Flour and Corn has been for home use. Shippers have been the heaviest purchasers of Wheat. Rye and Barley were quiet, at unchanged figures. Oats have been more freely offered than they were required by buyers, and prices have tended downward....Cotton, Coffee, Sugars, Rice, Provisions, Linseed Oil, and Tallow have been more sought after, generally at advancing rates....Hay, Hops, and Tobacco have been in fair demand at our quotations....Naval Stores attracted less attention....Wool has been moderately inquired for....A partial revival of demand from distant country buyers for Fall Dry Goods has taken place during the week. The general anticipation is that the trade, this season, will not be as heavy as usual in late years. The Dry Goods imports during the week amounted to $2,203,843, against $5,348,103, the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $24,042,761, against $55,567,815 the same week last year....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 80	@	$4 05
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 80	@	4 10
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 10	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 25	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel..	4 25	@	5 25
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 45	@	7 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 50
Corn Meal, per barrel..............	3 50	@	4 00
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 00	@	1 43
Red Wheat, per bushel..............	72	@	1 25
Corn, per bushel...................	78	@	91
Rye, per bushel....................	68	@	70
Barley, per bushel.................	55	@	62½
Western Oats, per bushel...........	45½	@	46½
State Oats, per bushel.............	45	@	46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	41	@	44
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	32	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound........	12½	@	13
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	16 70	@	17 00
Prime Pork, per barrel.............	13 75	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel.......	10 75	@	11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce.........	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	15 00	@	17 00
Cut Meats, per pound...............	5½	@	8
Lard, per pound....................	11½	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound............	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound..........	10	@	16
Cheese, per pound..................	3	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds...............	3 00	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound..............	6	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	23	@	32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound.......	5½	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon....	—	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound..............	27	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound.............	31	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon........	24	@	24½
Hops, per pound....................	5	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds................	40	@	70
Tallow, per pound..................	9½	@	9½
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds...	3 62½	@	3 68¾
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon......	44	@	45
Tar, per barrel....................	1 75	@	2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds.......	1 60	@	1 65
Linseed Oil, per gallon............	74	@	75
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound........	6½	@	15
Seed Leaf Tobacco..................	9	@	35
American Fleece Wool, per pound.....	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool..............	25	@	38

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were more freely supplied with Beeves, and, in the absence of an active inquiry, prices tended downward....Milch Cows were plentier, and in better request....Veal Calves, as also Sheep and Lambs, were less active....Swine continued quiet....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending July 7.	Week ending July 14.
Beeves......................	3,324	3,956
Milch Cows..................	188	211
Veal Calves.................	731	913
Sheep and Lambs.............	8,061	13,322
Swine.......................	3,193	3,436

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois........	1,208	Indiana........	260
Ohio..........	659	New York......	104
Kentucky.....	495	Pennsylvania...	89
Iowa..........	384	Canada........	52

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$ 6	@	$ 9
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound.............	4½	@	6
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	2 25	@	8 00
" " per pound.........	3	@	7½
Live Swine, per pound..............	5	@	6
Dressed " "	6	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each................	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have not varied much during the week....Gooseberries are advancing. Raspberries, Blackberries, and Huckleberries tend downward. Peaches remain about the same. The demand for domestic fruit is good....The new Potatoes now in come mainly from Norfolk, Long Island, and New Jersey. Green Peas are dearer. Turnips, Beets, Cucumbers, Squashes, and Salad are cheaper. Green Corn is arriving from New Jersey. Cauliflowers are nearly out of market. Some receipts of Okra are reported. The inquiry for Vegetables continues fair....Eggs continue to advance, influenced by diminished receipts....Poultry is plenty and dull. An advance on last week's prices of Woodcock, which are less plenty, and the receipt of some Snipe and Plover, form the only noticeable changes in the way of game.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Gooseberries, per bushel............	$1 25	@	$2 00
Cherries, per pound................	4	@	10
Currants, per pound................	3	@	9
Raspberries, per 100 baskets........	3 00	@	8 00
Blackberries, per bushel............	4 50	@	5 00
Huckleberries, per bushel...........	4 00	@	5 00
Apples, new, per barrel.............	2 50	@	3 00
Peaches, per 1½ bushels.............	50	@	8 00
String Beans, per bushel............	75	@	1 00
Potatoes, new, per barrel...........	3 00	@	3 50
Onions, new, per barrel.............	2 50	@	—
" " per 100 bunches.......	3 00	@	5 00
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches.......	1 50	@	2 00
Beets, new, per 100 bunches.........	2 00	@	4 00
New Carrots, per 100 bunches........	2 50	@	3 50
Cabbage, new, per 100...............	2 00	@	5 00
Squashes, per bushel................	1 50	@	2 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches...........	62½	@	75
Green Peas, per bushel..............	75	@	1 25
Green Corn, per 100 ears............	1 00	@	1 25
Watermelons, per 100................	25 00	@	75 00
Nutmeg Melons, per 100..............	8 00	@	12 00
Tomatoes, per bushel................	2 00	@	3 00
Cucumbers, per barrel...............	2 50	@	3 00
Eggs, per dozen.....................	11	@	15
Chickens, per pair..................	50	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound....................	11	@	14
Fowls, per pair.....................	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair.....................	62	@	1 25
Spring Geese, each..................	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound..................	15	@	—
Pigeons, per dozen..................	62	@	2 25
Woodcock, per dozen.................	3 00	@	4 00
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen..........	1 25	@	1 75
Snipe, Ox-eyes, per dozen...........	25	@	50
Plover, per dozen...................	3 00	@	4 00

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